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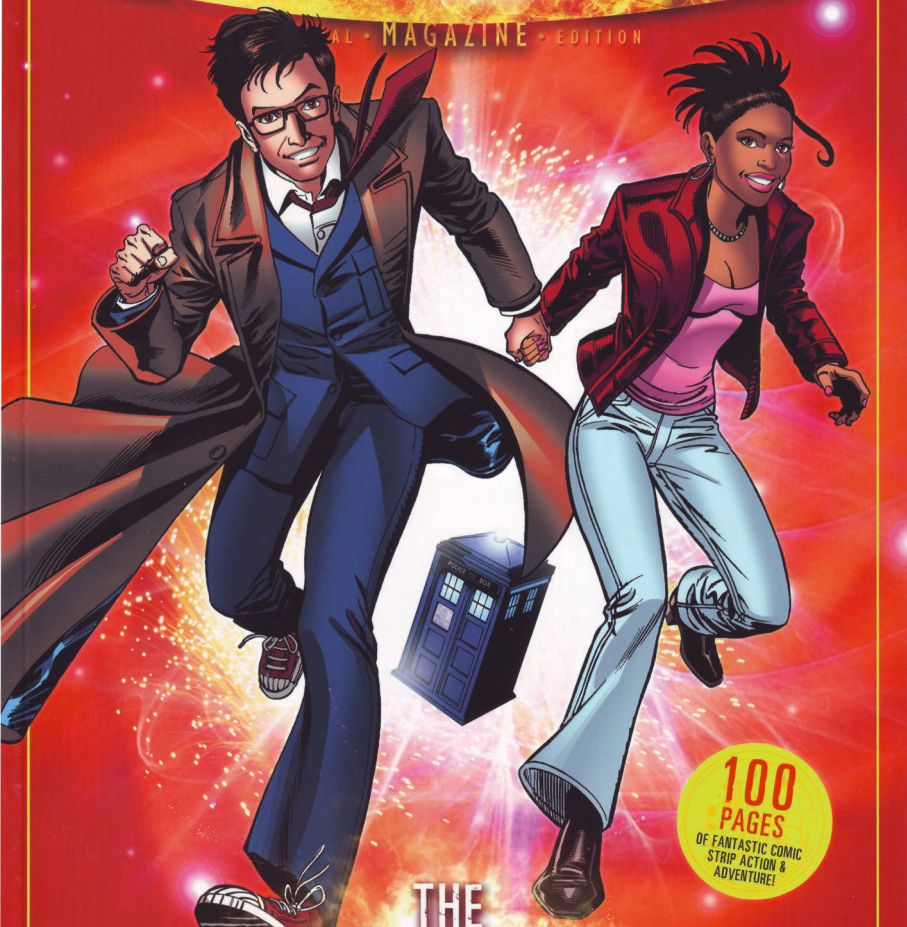

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THE TENTH DOCTOR • COLLECTED COMICS •

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The Woman Who Sold The World

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Bus Stop!

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Inks DAVID A ROACH
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The First

Originally printed in DWM #386-389
Story DAN McDAID
Pencils MARTIN GERAGHTY
Inks DAVID A ROACH
Colours JAMES OFFREDI
Letters ROGER LANGRIDGE
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Death to the Doctor!

Originally printed in DWM #390
Story JONATHAN MORRIS
Art & Letters ROGER LANGRIDGE
Colours JAMES OFFREDI
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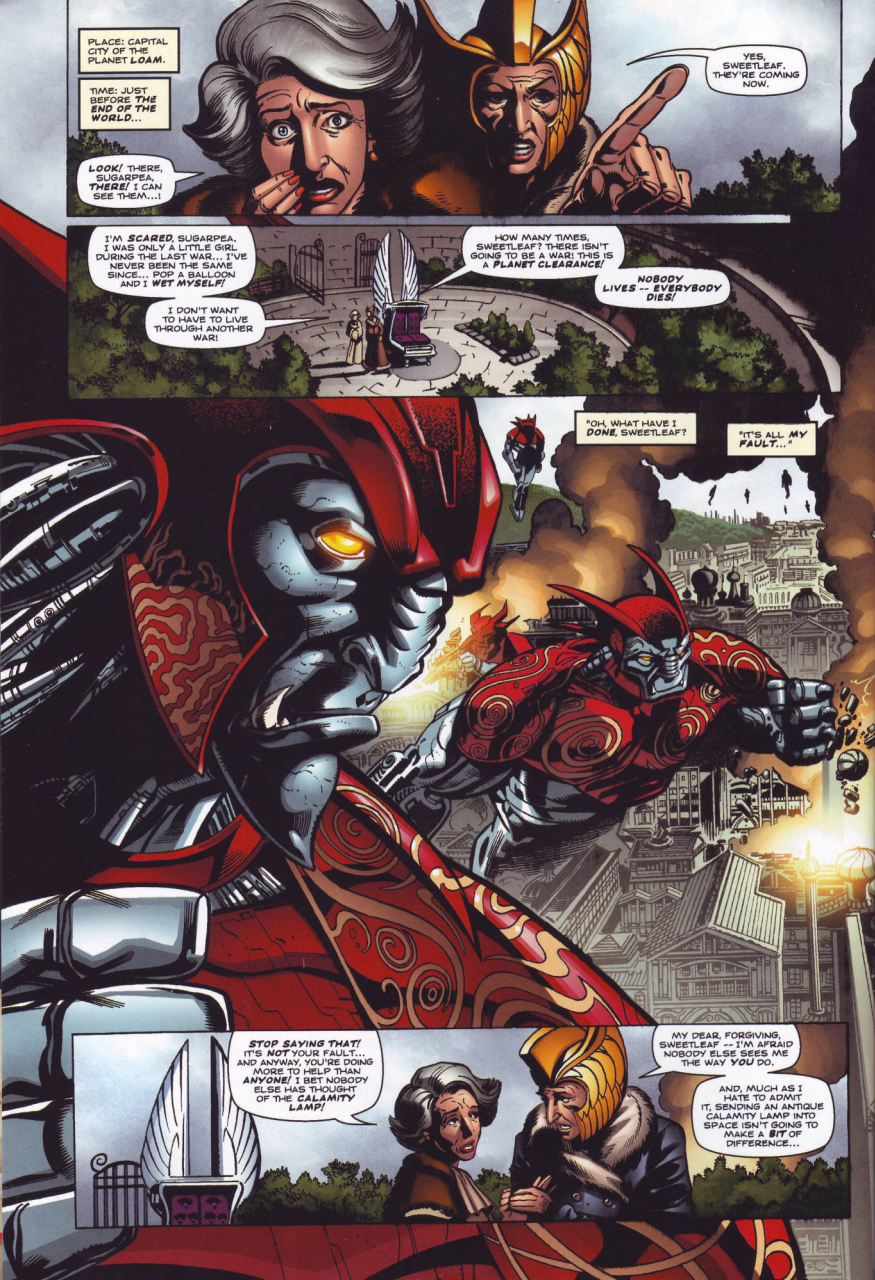
PLACE: CAPITAL CITY OF THE PLANET LOAM.
TIME: JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE WORLD...
LOOK! THERE, SUGARPEA, THERE! I CAN SEE THEM...!
YES, SWEETLEAF. THEY'RE COMING NOW.
I'M SCARED, SUGARPEA. I WAS ONLY A LITTLE GIRL DURING THE LAST WAR... I'VE NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE... POP A BALLOON AND I WET MYSELF!
I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO LIVE THROUGH ANOTHER WAR!
HOW MANY TIMES, SWEETLEAF? THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE A WAR! THIS IS A PLANET CLEARANCE!
NOBODY LIVES -- EVERYBODY DIES!
"OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE, SWEETLEAF?
"IT'S ALL MY FAULT..."
STOP SAYING THAT! IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT... AND ANYWAY, YOU'RE DOING MORE TO HELP THAN ANYONE! I BET NOBODY ELSE HAS THOUGHT OF THE CALAMITY LAMP!
MY DEAR, FORGIVING, SWEETLEAF -- I'M AFRAID NOBODY ELSE SEES ME THE WAY YOU DO.
AND, MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, SENDING AN ANTIQUE CALAMITY LAMP INTO SPACE ISN'T GOING TO MAKE A BIT OF DIFFERENCE...

Story ROB DAVIS • Pencils MIKE COLLINS • Inks DAVID A. ROACH • Colours JAMES OFFREDI • Letters ROGER LANGRIDGE • Editors HICKMAN & GRAY

WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT IN THE DIASPORA PODS. FAMELIA BOVINIA SAID SHE'D BOUGHT TWELVE SEATS ON A FIRST CLASS POD AND HAD TWO GOING SPARE...
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING WORSE THAN BEING STUCK IN THE COMPANY OF THAT HATEFUL INSECT AND HER HOUSEPLANT OF A HUSBAND!
BUT AT LEAST WE'D BE SAFE, SUGARPEA!
D'YOU THINK ANY PLANET WILL WELCOME A FEW MILLION IMMIGRANTS WITH ONLY THEIR MAGAZINE COLLECTIONS AND DUBIOUS CONVERSATIONAL SKILLS TO OFFER?
THEY'LL BE FLOATING IN SPACE FOR ETERNITY, AND THAT'S NOT HOW I WANT TO DIE!
NO, OF COURSE NOT... YOU'D RATHER DIE WHILST DOING A SPOT OF D.I.Y. ON THE ROOF!
I'M TRYING TO GET THIS... hnnnf! CHAIR STARTED, BUT THE WINGS HAVE SEIZED UP... AND WITHOUT THE... hnnnf! WINGS, IT WON'T FLY!
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS? YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME THIS CHAIR CAN ACTUALLY... FLY?!
YES, THE CHAIR FLIES.
I WAS GOING TO EXPLAIN EARLIER, BUT...
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS... ALL THE TIMES WE'VE COME UP HERE AND SAT IN THIS CHAIR OVER THE YEARS... ALL THE SUNSETS WE'VE SHARED... ALL THIS TIME YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO ME!
OH, DON'T GET ALL PRICKLY, SWEETLEAF, TRY AND GET A SENSE OF PROPORTION...
I'VE SPENT FORTY YEARS KEEPING SECRETS FROM THE WHOLE WORLD!
...AND THIS IS WHERE IT CAME FROM, DOCTOR? THIS LAMP THING?
HEREABOUTS, YEAH...
POLICE PUBLIC BOX
WE-ELL, I SAY HEREABOUTS...
THIS WORLD, ANYWAY.
AND THAT'S OUR JOB DESCRIPTION, IS IT -- "SAVE THE WORLD"?
YEAH! SAVE THE WORLD, EAT THE PIES, RIDE INTO THE SUNSET ON A WHITE CHARGER... THAT KIND OF THING...

AND WHAT WORLD IS IT WE'RE SAVING TODAY?
"LOAM", APPARENTLY...
"CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER HEARD OF IT, BUT I'M SURE IT SPEAKS VERY HIGHLY OF ME..."
SO WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING SECRET FROM ME? HMM? THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
OH, BACKSIDES! YOU'VE MADE ME BREAK THE STARTING HANDLE NOW!
K-KRACK!
KREEEAK!
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT... I THINK I'VE GOT IT GOING!
OH MY...
SKROOM!
AWW, AND WHAT WOULD OUR HERO DO WITHOUT HIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER, EH?
WELL, FOR A START, I WOULDN'T LOOK HALF AS CLEVER... AND I'D SPEND A LOT OF TIME KICKING IN DOORS.
THAT'D BE QUITE BUTCH, ACTUALLY.
I'LL REMEMBER THAT NEXT TIME I'M ON BALSA-WORLD!
HOME HOME
IS THAT SOMEONE SINGING...?
HOME HOME HOME
SOUNDS LIKE LEONARD COHEN WITH A BELLY ACHE!
THAT'S STARTING TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN... THERE'S SOMETHING NOT RIGHT ABOUT THIS PLACE ...
SSHHHWWWSSSSSSSHH

SOMETHING NOT RIGHT AT ALL...
AHH, LOOK! IT WORKS! AFTER ALL THIS TIME... IT WORKS! I WAS STARTING TO DOUBT THE GENIUS OF DIGLIANO, BUT HE WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG!
DIGLIANO THE PORTRAIT PAINTER? YOU MEAN THIS WAS DESIGNED BY AN ARTIST?!
AND YOU EXPECT ME TO SIT IN IT AND... FLY?!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE, SWEETLEAF! THIS IS OUR WORLD'S LAST CHANCE -- DEATH OR GLORY AWAITS US!
IN A FLYING CHAIR?!
DEATH AND HUMILIATION IS WHAT AWAITS US, IF YOU ASK ME!
WOTCHA! WHAT YOU UP TO?
JUST GOT A SCAPPERED HOWW TO MUNTY AND THEN I'M ONTO KEMEN.
UH, WHERE'S YOUR MUM AND DAD?
SHH! DIDN'T YOU HEAR HIM? HE'S GOT A SCAPPERED HOWW TO MUNTY!
DONE IT! KEMEN NEXT, COULD BE MAYCOLES AND STINGWEE BEENS!
DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THIS TARDIS TRANSLATOR THING IS WORKING, BECAUSE THAT SOUNDED LIKE TOTAL GIBBERISH TO ME!
THING IS, IF THERE'S NO EQUIVALENT IN ENGLISH FOR WHAT HE'S SAYING THEN YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT YOU HEAR.
SO WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT THEN?
HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE!

UH, HI AGAIN. SO, YOUR MUM AND DAD...?
THEY'RE BUSY.
WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE. IF THERE'S BEEN A CALAMITY -- A WAR, SOME NATURAL DISASTER MAYBE -- ALL THE GROWN-UPS'LL BE BUSY.
MAYBE THIS IS A BUNKER -- SOMEWHERE THEY PUT THE KIDS TO KEEP THEM SAFE?
I ONLY SEE ONE KID. WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT HIM? WHY BUILD ALL THIS JUST TO KEEP HIM SAFE?
THROOM!
'EY, LOOK...
...WHAT THE 'ELL IS THAT?
IS IT A BIRD...?
IT'S THE BARONESS -- LOOK! SHE'S TAKEN TO THE SKIES! IS THERE STILL HOPE?
THE MAD OLD BINT, WHAT DOES SHE THINK SHE'S DOING?
YOU GORRA ADMIRE HER PLUCK...WHO ELSE'D HAVE THOUGHT OF FLYING A CHAIR ON A DAY LIKE THIS?
I DON'T ADMIRE HER -- I DESPISE HER. I HOPE SHE DIES... I HOPE SHE DIES IN PAIN FOR WHAT SHE DID!
I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD...
"I THOUGHT SHE DIED YEARS AGO!"
I CAN'T BELIEVE THERE ARE STILL SO MANY PEOPLE DOWN THERE, SUGARPEA! I THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE GONE!
LOOK AT THEM. THEY'RE THE HOMELESS, THE PRISONERS, THE BUSKERS, THE 'TOO OLD TO PACK UP AND MOVE'... THE ONES WHO GOT LEFT BEHIND...

"THE ONES I KILLED..."
I'M GONNA HAVE A QUICK LOOK AND SEE WHAT'S UP THIS TUNNEL. JUST STAY THERE AND TALK TO LITTLE TIMMY FOR A MINUTE.
TALK ABOUT WHAT?
I DUNNO. TALK ABOUT KIDS' STUFF -- SKATEBOARDS, SWEETS, BOGEYS -- YOU REMEMBER...
OKAAAY...
HI! I'M MARTHA. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
KIPE. MY NAME IS KIPE.
SO... UH... KIPE... HOW YOU GETTING ON WITH YOUR "HAPPY SCOWS" AND ALL THAT?
THEY'RE SCAPPERED HOWWS AND THEY'RE REALLY TRICKY, SO BE QUIET!
OOH, LOOK! THERE'S THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING! AND THERE'S THE PRIME MINISTER IN HIS OFFICE!
CAPTAIN GOES DOWN WITH THE SINKING SHIP, EH?
WAVE, SUGARPEA, WAVE!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF CHAOS AND CALAMITY IS THAT?
THAT... IS THE RETIRED EX-PRIME MINISTER, BARONESS HELLYER, AND HER LADY-FRIEND, FLYING THROUGH THE CITY IN SOME SORT OF... WINGED CHARIOT, SIR.
THEY APPEAR TO BE WAVING, SIR. SHOULD I WAVE BACK?
TURN AWAY, CHALMERS. I WANT TO FACE THE END OF THE WORLD WITH MY SANITY INTACT...

CAN'T WE SLOW DOWN A BIT? IT'S GIVING ME A FUNNY FEELING IN MY TUMMY!
THE CITY'S FULL OF HIGH GOLIAX -- WE DAREN'T SLOW DOWN, SWEETLEAF.
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ONE OF YOUR PEPPERMINTS, EH?
LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL...!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW...
MARTHA!!
AWW! I MISSED! YOU TWO ARE DISTRACTING ME!
I THINK...
I KNOW...
WHERE WE ARE!

YOU TWO ARE ANNOYING ME NOW! AND ANYWAY... MY DAD SAYS NEVER TALK TO STRANGERS!
THAT'S GOOD ADVICE, ALTHOUGH --
MARTHA! QUICK!
IN FACT, MY DAD SAYS IF ANYONE I DON'T KNOW EVER COMES INTO MY ROOM I SHOULD PRESS EJECT...
...LIKE THIS!
WHOAAAM!
FEWIP!
NO! MARTHA!
PHTUHH!
AAIIEEE!
DOCTOOOORR!!!

WHOOAAHH!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT -- IT'S RAINING TOTTY!
LEFT A BIT... LEFT A BIT!
JUST CONCENTRATE, OR YOU'LL MISS HER!
MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY!
WHOOAAA... OOOFF!!
FWUMP!
YEAH... ME TOO!
YOU'RE LUCKY WE WERE PASSING.
YOU SEE, SUGARPEA AND I ARE TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD BY HUMILIATING OURSELVES...
THOSE ARE DELIGHTFUL CLOTHES, MY DEAR. WHEREVER DID YOU --
STOP GASSING, SWEETLEAF, AND HELP THE POOR GIRL UP!
THAT THING...

...I WAS IN THAT THING?!
THE HIGH GOLIAX? YES, I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT THAT...
I MUST HAVE BEEN INSIDE IT'S HEAD!
THERE WAS A KID IN THERE... A LITTLE BOY PLAYING A GAME...
...AND THE DOCTOR'S STILL IN THERE!"
ALRIGHT, ENOUGH! GAME OVER!
HEY!!!
ZZAAK!
YOU'VE WRECKED IT, YOU IDIOT! I'M TELLING MY DAD!
YEAH, YEAH -- MY DAD'S BIGGER THAN YOUR DAD. JUST COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY SOMEONE SAVED MARTHA 'COS I KNOW YOU SHOWED HER THE DOOR...
DA-AD!!
LOOK, WE'RE STUCK INSIDE THE HEAD OF AN OGRE. I DON'T THINK YOUR DAD'S GONNA...
WHAT'S GOING ON?
...SHOW UP?
DAD! HE BROKE MY MUMBO-GAME! HE SAID THAT I WAS... THAT YOU WERE... THAT HE WAS... I WAS...
WHOAH THERE, TIGER! CALM DOWN, CALM DOWN...

"LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING..."
IS THIS LOAM? THE PLANET WHERE THE CALAMITY LAMP CAME FROM?
YOU FOUND THE CALAMITY LAMP?!
HEY! THAT MEANS SHE'S HERE TO RESCUE US...
...NOT GOING VERY WELL SO FAR, IS IT?
OKAY, SUNSHINE, YOU SETTLE DOWN NOW. I'LL GET SOMEONE TO COME AND FIX YOUR GAME IN A JIFFY.
BEHAVE YOURSELF, AND DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH BEFORE YOU GO TO BED!
MR KINGFISH WILL SEE YOU NOW.
SO, YOU'RE ONE OF THESE HOOLIGANS I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT...
YOU CAN TELL BY HIS SHOES.
LOOK, I DON'T MIND WHERE YOU HOOLIGANATE, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT IN MY OFFICES OR IN THE KIDS' ROOMS, OKAY?
THESE PORTALS LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE HIGH GOLIAX AND ARE OUT OF BOUNDS TO ANYONE BUT PARENTS.
SPACE PORTALS? THEN WE'RE NOT ON LOAM ANYMORE...?
GOOD GOD, NO. THE HIGH GOLIAX ARE ON LOAM, WE'RE A FEW MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY IN A MUCH MORE CIVILISED NEIGHBOUR-HOOD.
THIS IS THE KRIB -- THE BIGGEST BANK IN THE UNIVERSE! AND I'M PROUD TO SAY I AM THE MANAGER!
THAT MASSACRE ON LOAM... THAT'S YOUR DOING?
I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG END OF THE STICK -- THAT'S A PLANET CLEARANCE -- WE'RE CLEARING THE PROPERTY FOR RESALE!

THERE ARE PEOPLE LIVING THERE!
IT WAS COLLATERAL FOR A LOAN, A VERY BIG LOAN, AT A RESPECTABLE RATE. THE PERIOD OF THE LOAN EXPIRED, THE DEBT IS UNPAID...
THE PLANET BELONGS TO THE BANK!
BUT THE PEOPLE...
ARE TRESPASSERS. THE PLANET SHOULD HAVE BEEN EVACUATED. WE'RE STRIPPING IT DOWN TO THE GROUND!
MY FRIEND'S ON THAT PLANET!
"I'M SORRY, BUT EVERYTHING MUST GO!"
KK-KRRUMPZZZ!!!
HOLD ON A MINUTE! LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT -- THIS IS BEING DONE BY YOUR BANK BECAUSE YOU OWE THEM MONEY?!
YES, AND IT'S MY FAULT!
OH, STOP IT, SUGARPEA!
IT'S THE TRUTH. I WAS THE PRIME MINISTER, I TOOK OUT THE LOAN FROM THE KRIB. I AM RESPONSIBLE...
OH, ME, ME, ME...
COULDN'T YOU RE-FINANCE OR SOMETHING? Y'KNOW -- PUT ALL YOUR DEBTS INTO ONE MANAGEABLE LUMP?
DON'T THEY HAVE EGG CARDS OR ANYTHING HERE?
IT'S TOO LATE TO REPAY THE LOAN. IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE THE WORLD.
WHY CAN'T I SIT IN THE MIDDLE?

THIS IS THE OPEN FLOOR. A LOT OF OUR BUSINESS IS DONE HERE ON THE SPOT!
WHUH...?!
CH-CHKK!
AH, YES! FREE-REINS, DOCTOR! WE ALL WEAR THEM ON THE KRIB. THEY'RE CONTROLLED BY THE ACCUMULATOR, OUR CENTRAL COMPUTER.
THEY ALLOW US TO GO WHERE WE PLEASE AND KEEP US SAFE FROM HARM. THERE'S NO CRIME ON THE KRIB!
NO CRIME?! ARE YOU HAVING A LAUGH? YOU'RE SENDING YOUR CHILDREN OUT TO MURDER!
HA! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT TO PROVOKE ME, DOCTOR. I'VE MET ANARCHISTS LIKE YOU BEFORE!
"KRIB KIDS ARE HAPPY AND PRODUCTIVE!
THAT GOLIAX THING IS STARING AT US...!
"THE MUMBO-GAME TRANSLATES WHAT THE HIGH GOLIAX SEE INTO CHILDISH DELIGHTS...
WOW! A FLAPPERD HOWW! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THOSE! OH, WAIT 'TIL I TELL DETTIE LOVERIDGE!
"THE KIDS ARE PROTECTED, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY...
"AND THEIR FLEXIBLE, DESTRUCTIVE LITTLE MINDS MAKE THEM IDEAL PILOTS!
KARUSSSHHH!!
HANG ON TO YOUR HATS!

"THEY'RE SAFE, THEY'RE HAVING FUN, AND THEY'RE OUT FROM UNDER OUR FEET!"
SO THAT'S IT? THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF CHILD-CARE FACILITIES? STICK LITTLE JIMMY INSIDE THE SKULL OF A 100-FOOT GARGOYLE AND SEND HIM OUT TO SLAUGHTER THE WORLD...
NOT EXACTLY A BLUE PETER SUGGESTION FOR A RAINY DAY, IS IT?
SORRY, HOOLIGAN. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUT YOU ON HOLD...
HEY, I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!
KINGFISH!!!
IT'S COMING AFTER US!
HI! YOU'RE CURRENTLY 118TH IN THE QUEUE. MR KINGFISH WILL BE AVAILABLE SHORTLY. IN THE MEANTIME, HERE IS SOME MUSIC.
BOM PA-PA BOM PA-PA BOM PA-PA
DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME, KINGFISH! YOU'LL REGRET IT...!
STAY CLOSE TO THE GROUND -- I THINK WE'VE LOST HIM!
AWW, NOT FAIR! IT'S GONE...! NO ONE'S GONNA BELIEVE ME NOW!

WE'RE HERE, LOOK...
AND WHERE'S HERE?
THE MUSEUM OF POLITICS...
THE VERY ANTITHESIS OF A FUN DAY OUT.
BOM PA-PA ♪ BOM PAPA ♪
KINGFISH!!!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, MATE...
I'M 85TH IN THE QUEUE, AND I'VE BEEN HERE ALL MORNING.
SO MUCH FOR "FREE-REINS"!
LIKE IT SAYS IN THE BROCHURE: "YOU'RE FREE TO GO WHEREVER YOU WANT" -- YOU JUST CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER TO KINGFISH.
AND IF YOU DO MOVE -- YOU LOSE YOUR PLACE! CASTER THERE HAS BEEN IN THE QUEUE FOR THREE MONTHS!
I'M NOT WAITING AROUND -- I'M HERE TO PUT A STOP TO THIS.
YOU CAN START BY PUTTING A STOP TO THE SPECULATOR. IT'S BEEN SINGING -- "HOOOME... HOOME!" LIKE THAT, ALL MORNING, DOING MY HEAD IN. THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL OLD KINGFISH.
I HEARD THAT WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED... QUITE LIKED IT MYSELF, SORT OF SCOTT WALKER SINGS JOY DIVISION...
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM. I THINK THE SPECULATOR MADE THIS SONG UP. JUST STARTED ALL OF A SUDDEN LIKE. FREAKED ME RIGHT OUT!
I'M MANDRAKE, FROM I.T. I'M ONE OF THE PROGRAMMERS FOR THE SPECULATOR, Y'SEE.
THE SPECULATOR'S A COMPUTER?

"A SINGING COMPUTER?!"
SUGARPEA DOESN'T SEEM TO BE STOPPING FOR A LOOK AROUND.
SHE DOESN'T NEED TO. HALF THE STUFF IN THIS MUSEUM IS ABOUT HER, ANYWAY.
SHE WAS THE FIRST LEADER OF A UNITED LOAM, THE GREATEST PRIME MINISTER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN... AND AN ALL-ROUND BIGHEAD T'BOOT!
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHO'S SWEETLEAF?
OH, I'M NOBODY...
BUT AT THE SAME TIME I AM THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE WORLD TO THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE WORLD...
ER...WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE WORLD...
DON'T WORRY, MARTHA, SHE'LL BE IN HERE... ADMIRING HERSELF!
WOW! IS THAT A STATUE OF YOU, SUGARPEA?
IT'S A COAL-FIRED DIPLOMAT. THE ONLY ONE EVER BUILT. SUGARPEA USED TO CONTROL IT FROM PARLIAMENT BY WEARING THAT DAFT HELMET OF HERS.
THE PEOPLE CALLED IT BRASSNECK.
THERE'S PLENTY OF COAL IN THERE... JUST NEED TO FIRE HER UP...
IS IT A WEAPON?
BRASSNECK COULD WALK INTO THE MIDDLE OF A CIVIL WAR AND NEGOTIATE ON THE BATTLEFIELD. AN ARMOURED PEACEMAKER, SHE CALLED IT!
IN MORE PEACEFUL TIMES IT WALKED THE STREETS AND LISTENED TO THE MASSES. WE ALL FELT WE WERE IN TOUCH WITH OUR LEADER BACK THEN.
UNLIKE NOW, WHEN EVEN I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE WHAT SHE'S UP TO!

THE SPECULATOR'S DOWN IN THE VAULTS. THE ACCUMULATOR DOES ALL THE HEAVY WORK UPSTAIRS, WHILE THE SPECULATOR... WELL, IT SPECULATES, DUNNIT!
HOME
HOME
HOME
STILL SINGING THE SAME SONG, THEN...
MAYBE IT'S THE ONLY ONE IT KNOWS?
HOME
HOME
HOME
HOME
THERE SHE IS!
BLIMEY, WHAT A BEAST!
THE KRIB WOULD'VE UPGRADED YEARS AGO IF IT WAS POSSIBLE, BUT THIS SYSTEM IS THE MOST ACCURATE THING OUT THERE. ORGANIC PROCESSORS, SEE.
DON'T MIND IF I HAVE A QUICK LOOK?
UP TO YOU. CREEPS ME OUT A BIT IN THERE.
IT'S ALWAYS MADE WEIRD NOISES. BUT NOW IT'S STARTED SINGING... WELL, 'S NOT ON, IS IT?
WHOAH! LOOK AT YOU FELLAS... AMAZING!
YEAH, THAT'S THE PROCESSORS -- WEIRD LOOKIN', AREN'T THEY?
HELLO, I'M THE DOCTOR... ER, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?
HOME!! HOME!! HOME! HOME! HOME! HOME! HOME! HOME! HOME!! HOME! HOME!!
AAAHHH!!!

HOME
DOCTOR...!
GOTTA GET YOU OUT OF HERE...!
S-SONG...
THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT IT REMINDS ME OF...
WHAT?
SLAVE SONG, CALL AND RESPONSE, FIELD HOLLERS, CHAINGANG SONGS!
THOSE ORGANIC PROCESSORS OF YOURS ARE SINGING TO STOP THEMSELVES DYING OF BOREDOM AND MISERY! THEY'RE HOMESICK!
WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT?
YOUR COMPUTER, MANDRAKE... IT'S FULL OF SLAVES!

LISTEN TO THIS, SWEETLEAF... "MAKE NO MISTAKE, THE BARONESS – "
THAT'S SUGARPEA.
" – IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGURE IN HISTORY. SHE CONTROLS THE FATE OF LOAM TO THIS DAY."
AND THEN UNDERNEATH -- IN GREEN INK! -- IT SAYS...
"SHE IS A HEX ON US ALL! HER VANITY AND AMBITION CAUSED THE END OF THE WORLD... THERE CAN BE NO GREATER EVIL ALIVE!"
BLIMEY! NOT EXACTLY A GLOWING TRIBUTE, IS IT?
IT'S POLITICAL CORRECTNESS GONE MAD!! THEY'RE FOREVER REWRITING HISTORY, BUT THIS GRAFFITI IS A STEP TOO FAR! IF THERE WAS ANYONE LEFT TO COMPLAIN TO, I WOULD!
PERHAPS THEY'RE RIGHT...
I THOUGHT I'D BOUGHT US TIME, WHEN REALLY I'D SOLD OUR FUTURE!
KIKREEEAKK!
EVIL IS AS EVIL DOES!

WE'RE READY TO GO!
K-KRASH!
GO WHERE? HMM? I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE IT IS I'M SUPPOSED TO BE GOING!
YOU'RE NOT COMING, SWEETLEAF.
BRASSNECK WILL FOLLOW MY PATH IN THE WINGED CHAIR. I ONLY NEED TO THINK AND SHE OBEYS...
I NEED HER WITH ME AND I NEED YOU TO STAY HERE!
I WILL NOT!!! HOW DARE Y–
YOU'RE NOT COMING, SWEETLEAF!
STAY HERE!
SLAMM!!
...!
SHE'S LOCKED IT! WE'RE STUCK HERE!!
SUGARPEA...

I DON'T GET IT, DOCTOR. EVEN IF THE SPECULATOR SYSTEM IS FULL OF SLAVES PINING FOR HOME, IT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY THEY ONLY FOUND THEIR VOICES THIS MORNING...
AH, THAT'S BECAUSE MARTHA AND ME ONLY ARRIVED THIS MORNING. OR RATHER BECAUSE THE TARDIS ARRIVED!
VVRREEEEEEEEE!
MY SHIP AUTOMATICALLY TRANSLATES ALIEN LANGUAGES. WHAT YOU LOT TOOK TO BE A LOAD OF OLD GROANING FROM YOUR COMPUTER SUDDENLY SOUNDED DIFFERENT... SOUNDED LIKE VOICES...
BECAUSE THEY ARE VOICES! YOU JUST DIDN'T SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE BEFORE.
ALL I WANNA KNOW IS, CAN WE FIX IT?
YES WE CAN!
WE'RE GOING TO HELP THE SPECULATORS ESCAPE AND GO HOME!
THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE TOTALLY KNACKER IT RATHER THAN FIX IT...
MANDRAKE, OLD CHUM, THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO DO THE RIGHT THING! YOU'LL SLEEP SO MUCH BETTER FOR IT!
VVRREEEEE!
PING!
I'LL NEED MORE OF THESE FREE-REINS. I WANT ONE ATTACHED TO EVERY TENTACLE IN THAT COMPUTER. THEN I'M GONNA SWITCH CONTROL OF THE FREE-REINS FROM THE ACCUMULATOR TO THE SPECULATOR... OKAY?
OH, AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET HOLD OF A COUPLE OF PARACHUTES...
"IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN... AND THERE ISN'T ALWAYS A FLYING GRANNY WHEN YOU NEED ONE!"
NOT FAIR! NOT FAIR...

...NOT FAIR! NO ONE'S GONNA BELIEVE ME NOW! I WAS SO CLOSE TO CATCHIN' MY OWN LITTLE FLAPPERDY HOWW...
HANG ON A MINUTE... THERE IT IS!
I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME, YOU LITTLE LOVELY!
LOOK, SWEETLEAF, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET, BUT...
I'M NOT UPSET! I'M LOOKING FOR A COPY OF SUGARPEA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. THERE MUST BE ONE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE... IT WAS A BESTSELLER, Y'KNOW?
SHOULDN'T WE BE LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT?
SUGARPEA'S SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS PORING OVER THAT BOOK. NOW, EVEN FOR SOMEONE AS VAIN AS HER, THAT'S WEIRD BEHAVIOUR.
THERE'S A SECTION ON THE ORIGINAL LOAN DEAL WITH THE KRIB... SOMETHING IN THERE WILL TELL US WHAT SHE'S UP TO. I'M SURE OF IT!
OKAY, YOU DO THE EMERGENCY LIBRARIAN THING AND I'LL LOOK FOR AN EXIT!
TRUST ME, MARTHA, SHE HASN'T DESERTED US... SHE WOULDN'T... SHE CARES TOO MUCH, THAT'S HER PROBLEM...

"DESPITE WHAT THE PUNDITS AND THE GRAFFITI WRITERS SAY, SUGARPEA IS STILL LOVED BY THE PEOPLE...
"SHE HASN'T BETRAYED US AND SHE HASN'T BETRAYED THEM!"
HERE IT IS! MARTHA! I'VE FOUND IT -- I'VE FOUND THE BOOK!
AND I'VE FOUND A WAY OUT!
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!
HEX LIFE
K-KRASSH!
RIGHT, YOU'LL HAVE TO NAVIGATE, I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE JUST STEERING THIS THING!
SUGARPEA WAS HEADING BACK TO THE CAPITOL...
HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH FUEL TO GET THERE?
CHUGGA-CHUGGA-CHUGGA
I DUNNO, HOW MANY LOGS DOES IT DO TO THE MILE?
CHUGGA-CHUGGA-CHUGGA

OKAY, DOCTOR, THAT'S THE LAST ONE... THEY'VE ALL GOT FREE-REINS ATTACHED NOW!
HOME HOME HOME
RIGHT, HOLD ONTO YOUR HAIRPIECE! I'M SWITCHING FREE-REIN CONTROL OVER TO THE SPECULATOR!
DO YOU ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN?
"WELL, THE QUEUES UPSTAIRS SHOULD START MOVING..."
I -- I'VE BEEN PUT THROUGH!
ME TOO!
SO HAVE I!
...AND DOWN HERE OUR TENTACLED FRIENDS SHOULD REGAIN CONTROL OF THEIR LIMBS!
NOW THINGS SHOULD GET INTERESTING...
ZZSST!
ZZSST!
KRRREEEAK!!
HOME HOME HOME
WHAT THE...?
DOCTOR, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
UM... I SEEM TO HAVE TURNED YOUR COMPUTER INTO LOTS OF BIG CRAWLY MONSTER THINGS!
HOME HOME HOME
AND THAT'S GOOD?
SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME...
BUT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE...
HOME HOME HOME
I SUGGEST WE...
LEG IT!!!

WHERE ARE WE... hmm... LEGGING IT TOO?
KINGFISH'S OFFICE...
"...I NEED A CHAT WITH THE BOSS!"
THESE ARE SOME OF THE 3-D MODELS FOR THE REDESIGN OF LOAM, SIR.
GREAT SCULPTION! THIS PLANET SHOULD BE A PRIME SELLER...
HEY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE...?
LET ME IN! I WANT TO MAKE A FORMAL COMPLAINT!
NO, LET ME IN! I WAS FIRST!
KINGFISH, LISTEN TO ME!
KINGFISH!
THE FREE-REINS ARE OFF-LINE, SIR!
KINGFISH!!!
THE CONTROL'S BEEN SWITCHED FROM THE ACCUMULATOR TO THE SPECULATOR!
THEN SWITCH IT BACK!
WE CAN'T -- THE SPECULATOR SYSTEM IS RUNNING ALL OVER THE BANK!
WHAT?! SINCE WHEN DID MY COMPUTERS HAVE LEGS?!?!
'FRAID THAT WAS ME...
WOTCHA!
CAME IN THROUGH THE TRADESMAN'S ENTRANCE -- HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...
YOU!!
YOU... YOU... VANDALLING HOOLIGANATOR!!

THERE'S NOT A LOT LEFT, SWEETLEAF... THOSE BIG GARGOYLE THINGS ARE PRETTY THOROUGH...
LOOKS LIKE THE OLD OBSERVATORY'S GONE... THAT'S WHERE WE LIVED... SUGARPEA AND ME...
THERE SHE IS! I CAN SEE HER CHAIR!
IT'S LANDING ON THE ROOF OF PARLIAMENT!
OH, MARTHA...
"...THIS IS WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF..."
TELL SECURITY TO MAKE THE POD READY. WE'LL BE LEAVING SHORTLY...
YES, PRIME MINISTER.
I -- I UNDERSTAND NOW...
UNDERSTAND WHAT?
"SUGARPEA MUST'VE HAD THIS PLANNED ALL ALONG...
KER-KRASSHHH!!!
WHAT THE...?
"...SHE'S GOING TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT!"
AAGGKKK!!!

"WHY SUDDENLY LAUNCH A ONE-WOMAN REVOLUTION WHEN THE WORLD'S ABOUT TO END?!"
YEEERGGH! :GASP: MANIAC!!
DO AS I SAY, PRIME MINISTER, I'D RATHER NOT HAVE TO USE FORCE!
SUGARPEA DOESN'T WANT TO RULE THE WORLD, MARTHA -- SHE WANTS TO SAVE IT!
HOW'S SHE GONNA DO THAT...? I MEAN, LOOK AROUND YOU... THERE'S NOT EXACTLY MUCH WORLD LEFT TO SAVE!
THERE IS ONE LOOPHOLE IN THE CONTRACT WITH THE KRIB -- ONE WAY TO SAVE LOAM! AND SUGARPEA IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN DO IT.
IT'S CALLED ODIOUS DEBT. IT'S TO STOP THE KRIB FUNDING DESPOTS...
"SUGARPEA WILL USE BRASSNECK TO FORCE THE PM TO RESIGN. SHE WILL BECOME DICTATOR OF LOAM AND FORM AN UNLAWFUL GOVERNMENT. THE LOAN WILL IMMEDIATELY BECOME HER PERSONAL DEBT...
"SHE'LL HAND HERSELF OVER TO THE KRIB TO NULLIFY THE DEBT AND LOAM WILL BE FREE..."
BUT THE... THE PUNISHMENT FOR HER CRIME IS THE DEATH PENALTY!
SO PLEASE HURRY, MARTHA!
JUST GO ON AHEAD, I'M TOO SLOW!
HOLD ON, SWEETLEAF... I DON'T GET IT...
ARE WE TRYING TO STOP SUGARPEA FROM SAVING THE WORLD?
OH, MARTHA, HELP ME... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...

"SHE'S PROBABLY ALREADY SWORN IN AS DICTATOR... JUST STOP HER FROM LEAVING, PLEASE!
"I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE, I JUST DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER!"
HOME HOME HOME HOME HOME HOME HOME
WHO SAID YOU COULD PUT LEGS ON MY COMPUTERS???
WHO SAID YOU COULD PUT SLAVES INSIDE YOUR COMPUTER??
HOME HOME HOME HOME HOM
THEY'RE NOT SLAVES, THEY'RE ORGANIC PROCESSORS! YOU JUST MADE THEM LOOK LIKE SLAVES BY GIVING THEM LEGS... THEY'RE NOT REALLY ALIVE!
OH, I AGREE -- SLAVERY IS NO KIND OF LIFE! I'M OFFERING THEM FREEDOM!
:SIGH: WHY ARE YOU PICKING ON ME, HOOLIGAN? IT'S NOT FAIR...
HE'S HARD WORK WHICHEVER SIDE YOU'RE ON!
OPEN THE PORTALS TO THE HIGH GOLIAX AND I PROMISE I'LL PICK ON SOMEONE ELSE INSTEAD...
ARE YOU SOME KIND OF HEADCAKE? I CAN'T LET THOSE... THOSE... GIANT LEGGY THINGS INTO THE KIDS' ROOMS! THEY'RE MONSTERS!
"NOW, THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN, KINGFISH..."
I'VE GOT YOU NOW...

"AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE ONES WHO TURNED THEM INTO MONSTERS..."
...YOU PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL!
SUGARPEA! WAIT!
OKAY, DON'T WAIT! BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA TRY AND GET INSIDE A GOLIAX...
I'M COMING WITH YOU!
WHOOAAAH!!!
K-KRONNGGHH!
YESSS!!! I GOT ONE! I GOT ONE!
UH...?
DON'T BE SCARED, CHILD. WE'RE ONLY PASSING THROUGH...
HULLO!

I'M WARNING YOU, KINGFISH -- IF YOU WON'T OPEN THE PORTALS, I'LL...
YOU'LL WHAT?
I'LL BREAK THEM DOWN IF I HAVE TO!
HA! YOU AND WHOSE ARMY?
KER-RUNCH!
THAT'LL BE US, THEN!
MARTHA JONES! YOU TOOK YOUR TIME!
LONG STORY...
HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE CREATURES OUT THERE?
YEAH, THEY'RE "GIANT LEGGY THINGS". I MADE THEM MYSELF, THEY USED TO BE THE INSIDES OF A COMPUTER.
I CAN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR FIVE MINUTES, CAN I?
WHAT IS THIS?!
IT CAN'T BE... I MEAN...
WHO'S SHE, THEN? AND WHO'S HER BIG BRASSY FRIEND?
THAT'S SUGARPEA, DICTATOR OF LOAM, THAT'S HER BIG BRASS ANDROID AND THAT SHEET OF PAPER IS PROOF OF HER COUP D'ETAT!
IT MEANS LOAM'S NOT IN DEBT TO THE KRIB ANY MORE.
IF THIS IS TRUE... YOU'LL BE EXECUTED.

IT'S TRUE.
I AM DICTATOR OF LOAM. THE PLANET OWES THE KRIB NOTHING. THE DEBT IS MINE.
I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR MY EXECUTION.
THHWOMMP
KR-EEEAK!
THIS'LL COST US A FORTUNE...
IT COST SUGARPEA HER LIFE!
SKREEEESH!
LOOK OUT!
FREE-REINS!! THEY'RE WEARING FREE-REINS!! THAT'S HOW HE DID IT!!
GET ME A PAIR OF MANUAL REIN RATCHETS, I'LL SORT THIS MESS OUT MYSELF!
THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!
GOOD! IT'S THIS WAY TO FREEDOM!
B-BUT... SUGARPEA...
IT IS TOO LATE FOR SUGARPEA...

OI! THEY'RE MINE! BRING 'EM BACK!
HOME
HOME
HOME
...AND THEN THE GIANT METAL WOMAN CARRYING THE OLD GRANNY BASHED MY DOOR DOWN, AND...
SORRY 'BOUT THIS -- PLAYTIME'S OVER.
WHOAH! HAVEN'T BEEN INSIDE ONE OF THESE SINCE I WAS A KID!
I SUGGEST YOU HIDE BEHIND THE CUSHIONS, THERE ARE SOME BIG MONSTER THINGS COMING.
I'LL LEAVE FLUFFY HERE ON THE EJECT BUTTON AND IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN NO TIME...
HE'S CALLED MR SLAUGHTER, NOT FLUFFY!
IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN, DOCTOR...
BRASSNECK IS A FULLY FUNCTIONAL FIRE EXIT.
MANDRAKE, GET THE PARENTS TO START EVACUATING THEIR KIDS FROM THE HIGH GOLIAX...
OH, AND BEST OF LUCK FINDING A NEW JOB!
YEAH, THANKS FOR WRECKING ME OLD ONE...
NICE TO MEET--
--YOOOOOOOOW!

SUGARPEA...? WHERE'S SUGARPEA?!
OH, NO... PLEASE, GOD, NO!!!
SWEETLEAF...
I WILL GO TO SWEETLEAF, MARTHA. YOU STAY HERE.
STOP! STOP! STOP!
WHUH...?
HOME HOME HOME
LOOK! BRASSNECK'S KILLED A GOLIAX...!
WHAT'S HAPPENING... IS IT DYING?
NAH!
"...THIS IS THE HAPPY ENDING!"
STOP!
AAAAH!!!
DON'T BE AFRAID! THEY WON'T HARM YOU! JUST KEEP OUT OF THEIR WAY!
"THEY'RE THE MINDS OF THE HIGH GOLIAX. JUST LET 'EM FIND THEIR WAY HOME!"
HOME HOME HOME

"MINDS"...? WITH LEGS...?!
THEY'RE NOT LEGS, THEY'RE NERVES...
THEY WERE SEVERED WHEN THE MINDS WERE RIPPED OUT OF THE HIGH GOLIAX SKULLS CENTURIES AGO...
"THEY SHOULD PLUG THEMSELVES BACK IN... AND BECOME WHOLE AGAIN."
HOOOOME!
STOP THIS VANDALATION NOW!!!
THE KRIB TOOK THE GOLIAX AND THE SPECULATOR AS A JOB LOT AT THE WORLD'S END AUCTION ON YAM-SALAM AGES AGO! WE PURCHASED IN GOOD FAITH! WE HAVE RECEIPTS!
LIFE IS NOT YOURS TO BUY AND SELL, KINGFISH!
LOOK, KINGFISH -- WILL YOU JUST LOOK! THAT'S YOUR SON -- KIPE! D'YOU SEE? DO YOU SEE HOW WRONG THIS IS?
WE ALL DID IT WHEN WE WERE KIDS... IT'S PART OF GROWING UP!
NEVER DID ME ANY HARM...
"YOU NEED SOMETHING TO OCCUPY YOUR MIND!"
AWW! WHAT IS GOING ON?! WHAT ARE ALL THESE HEXOPOD THINGS?
AM I S'POSED TO MUNTY THEM OR JOOLY THEIR ZOOTS?! I MEAN -- HOW UNFAIR! THREE MORE POINTS AND I'D HAVE GOT MY DAILY HIGH SCORE...
"OH... HANG ON... THERE'S A SCAPPERED HOWW COMING -- EX-CELL-ENT!"
COME BACK! YOU'RE KRIB PROPERTY!!!

NO... KIPE... SON! IT'S ME --
IT'S DADDY!!
"YES! GOTCHA! HIGH SCORE!"
SSKRUNCHH!
COME ON! OUTTA THERE! WE'RE EVACUATING THESE ROOMS!
URGH!
THAT'S THE HAPPY ENDING, IS IT? THE GIANTS SWALLOW THEIR OWN BRAINS, THE LITTLE BOY STAMPS ON HIS FATHER, AND THE OLD PRIME MINISTER IS EXECUTED BY HER BRASS FACSIMILE...
OKAY, OKAY, MAYBE "HAPPY" WAS THE WRONG WORD...
CITIZEN DOCTOR... I'M AT SOMETHING OF A, ER, LOSS HERE.
WHAT ARE THESE HIGH GOLIAX THEN... IF THEY'RE NOT ROBOTS?
DUNNO -- BUT THEY'RE NOT A WRECKING CREW.
BUT HOW DID THEY GET THEIR MINDS STOLEN IN THE FIRST PLACE?
LET'S GO AND ASK! WE NEED TO HAVE A WORD WITH THIS FELLA ANYWAY -- HE'S GOT THE TARDIS STUCK IN HIS THROAT!

ARE THEY FRIENDLY? WILL THEY HARM US?
THEY'RE PROBABLY ASKING THE SAME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU LOT. WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SAY HELLO?
BE A GOOD TIME TO WELCOME YOUR NEW IMMIGRANT POPULATION, PRIME MINISTER!
COME ON, MARTHA, WE'VE GOT A LIFT BACK TO THE TARDIS!
OH... POOR SWEETLEAF...
DOCTOR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW BRASSNECK IS STILL WORKING NOW THAT SUGARPEA IS DEAD. WHO'S CONTROLLING HER?
LOOKS LIKE THE BARONESS THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. SHE MUST HAVE LEFT BRASSNECK WITH A FINAL SET OF COMMANDS.
MAYBE SHE PROGRAMMED IN ALL THOSE THINGS SHE WANTED TO SAY TO SWEETLEAF, BUT NEVER GOT THE CHANCE. I LIKE THAT IDEA...
YEAH, THAT MAKES SENSE -- AFTER ALL, SUGARPEA WAS A POLITICIAN...
"SHE'D HAVE TO GET THE LAST WORD."
The End

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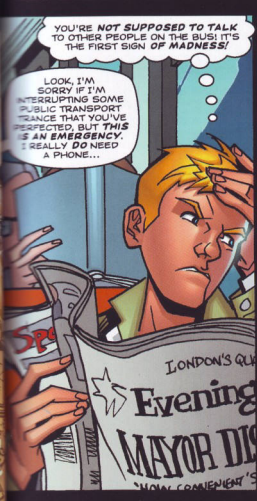


...PHO –
OH, CHEERS!
HAVE THE BLEEDIN' PHONE -- IT CAME FREE AS PART OF THE DEAL.
CAN'T IMAGINE YOU'VE REALLY GOT ANY FRIENDS TO CALL ANYWAY...
OH, AND DON'T WORRY -- THIS AERIAL'S SENDING SIGNALS THAT CONFUSE THE ASSASSINS' BIO-SCANNER.
I CAN SLEEP EASY NOW, THEN...
WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE A FLASK, THESE PEOPLE? I MEAN... WHO PROVIDES PACKED LUNCHES FOR WEIRDOS?
I'M MAKING AN ADJUSTMENT TO YOUR PHONE...
BY RUBBING IT WITH A LITTLE BLUE TORCH...?
VREEEEEET
I'M CALLING MARS IN THE 27th CENTURY. I NEED TO LET THEM KNOW THAT THE MAYOR AND 600 YEARS OF HIS PROGENY ARE SAFE...
THAT'S IF YOU DON'T MIND? IT WON'T SHOW UP ON YOUR BILL OR ANYTHING.
NO, BE MY GUEST -- Y' FRUIT-LOOP!
MARTHA?
OH, GOD... HE'S PRETENDING TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE...
"MUST BE HIS MADE-UP FRIEND ON MARS..."
DOCTOR! THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE!
EH...? WELL, FOR ALL WE KNEW, YOU COULD'VE BEEN SPLATTERED ACROSS TIME...
YOU'RE WHAT, I'M ON A LONDON BUS?!
LOOOOONG STORY, KIND OF A WILD SOUP CHASE... I'LL TELL YOU LATER.
WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

WHERE AM I?! I'M ON MARS, WHERE YOU LEFT ME!
WHERE DID YOU THINK I'D BE? DOWN THE LAUNDRETTE OR SOMETHING?
I'M OUTSIDE THE SCIENCE COMPOUND WITH D.I. MOLOCH AND PRESIDENT LITHOPS. WE HAD TO GET OUT OF THE LAB AFTER YOU USED THE TIME MACHINE -- IT MADE A HELL OF A RACKET, AND SOON AS YOU DISAPPEARED, THE SQUIDS TURNED UP.
...NO, DON'T WORRY, MOLOCH SAYS HE CAN GET US BACK INTO THE LAB.
ASK THE DOCTOR IF HE HAS PREVENTED THE ASSASSINATION.
MOLOCH SAYS, HOW DID THE RESCUE GO?
YOU'VE DONE WHAT?

THE DOCTOR'S... UH... LURED THE ASSASSINS AWAY FROM THE REAL MAYOR BY CREATING A DECOY MAYOR SOUP FROM HIS DNA, REWIRING A FREEVIEW BOX AND BUYING AN OYSTER CARD...
HE SAYS IT WAS THE BEST HE COULD COME UP WITH AT SHORT NOTICE...

THERE ARE MUTANTS ATTEMPTING TO BURN ME AND MY ANCESTORS OUT OF EXISTENCE -- AND THIS DOCTOR IS MAKING SOUP?! IS HE REALLY OUR BEST HOPE?
HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE, LITHOPS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN USE THE TIME MACHINE WITHOUT BECOMING AS FATALLY MUTATED AS THE ASSASSINS!

THEY PLAN TO RIP THEIR TARGETS OUT OF HISTORY BY THE ROOTS! TOTAL ASSASSINATION! THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT HOW DEEP THEY'VE BEEN DIGGING WAS FOR SOMEONE TO USE THE TIME MACHINE AND FOLLOW THEM!
THE DOCTOR'S SAVED YOUR LIFE AND STOPPED YOUR WHOLE FAMILY FROM BEING TORN OUT OF EXISTENCE! SO WE'RE GOING BACK IN THERE TO BRING HIM HOME!
WELL, YOU GO AHEAD -- I'LL WAIT OUT HERE FOR POLICE ASSISTANCE. THE THREAT OF NEVER HAVING EXISTED HAS BROUGHT ON MY ASTHMA...

MISTER PRESIDENT, I AM ACTING AS YOUR PERSONAL BODYGUARD -- WHERE I GO, YOU GO!
I THOUGHT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE OTHER WAY ROUND... I'M THE ONE WHO GOT ELECTED, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!
ER, LITHOPS DOESN'T SEEM ALL THAT GRATEFUL, DOCTOR...

JUST SEE IF YOU CAN REVERSE THE SETTINGS ON THAT STOLEN BODGE-JOB OF A TIME MACHINE AND GET ME BACK TO MARS...
SOON AS I'M THERE I'LL PUT AN END TO THIS WHOLE COWBOY OPERATION. WE'LL SEE HOW GRATEFUL HIS NIBS IS THEN!

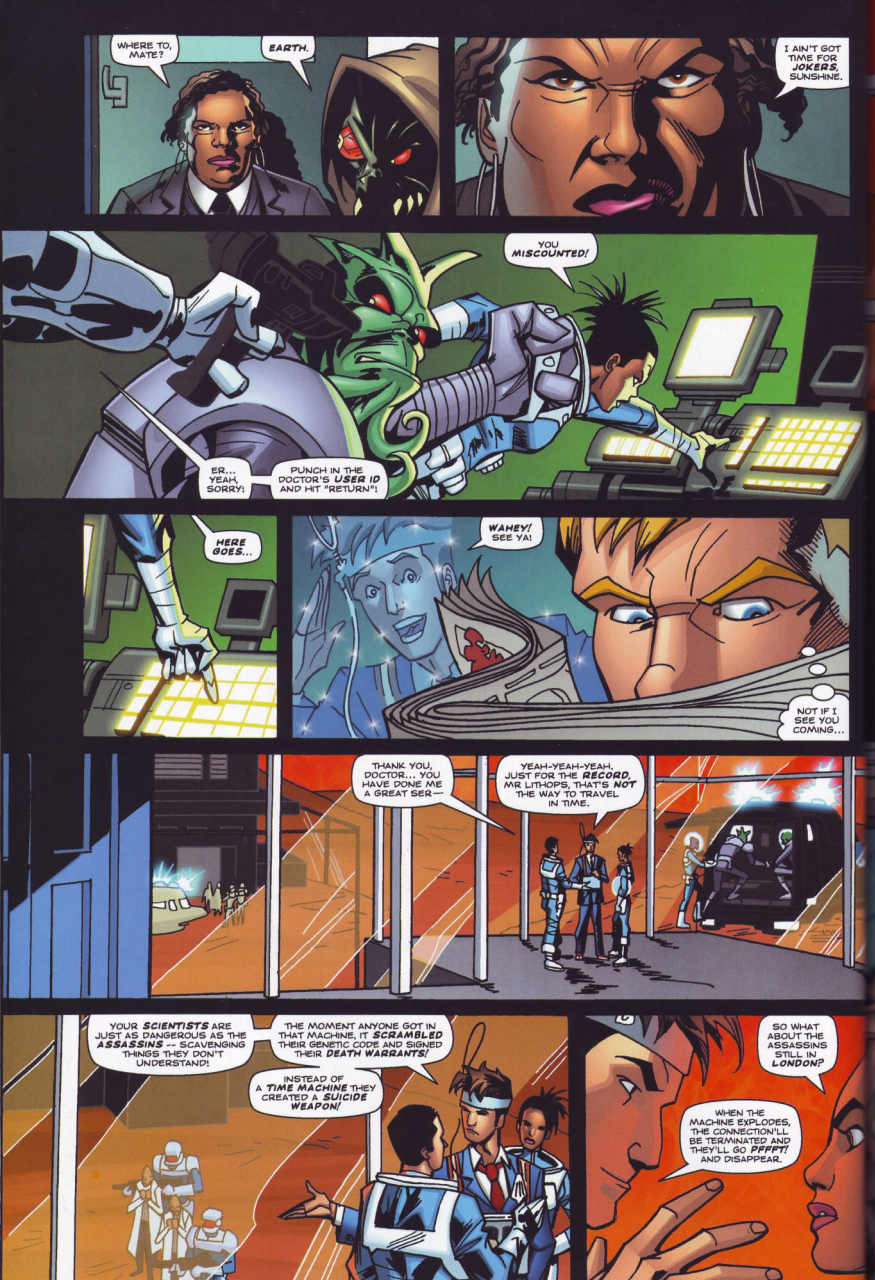
YEAH, I KNOW IT ALL SOUNDS RIDICULOUS, BUT YOU'VE COME IN RIGHT AT THE END... THERE IS A PERFECTLY CONSISTANT INTERNAL LOGIC AT WORK HERE!
AND I'M SURE THERE'S A PERFECTLY SAFE MEDICATION FOR IT...

ASK THE DOCTOR IF THE ASSASSINS HAVE LOCATED HIM YET.
MOLOCH WANTS TO KNOW IF THERE'S ANY SIGN OF YOU-KNOW-WHO...

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME THAT... BECAUSE THERE ARE TWO MUTANTS IN A LADA FOLLOWING THIS BUS!
...HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE THEY GOT A LADA FROM?! MAYBE THEY GOT IT PART-EXCHANGE FOR THEIR DEATH-TRAP OF A TIME MACHINE!
AM I SURE IT'S THEM...?!
WE-ELL... THEY COULD BE A DIFFERENT COUPLE OF MUTANT ASSASSINS FROM THE FUTURE WHO JUST MAPPEN TO BE PASSING, I 'SPOSE...
'COURSE I'M SURE IT'S THEM!
THEY'VE FOUND THE DOCTOR!
IF THAT'S THE CASE, WE HAVE NO TIME FOR STEALTH!
MOLOCH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FWAB!
MAKING TIME!
FWAB!
MARTHA...?!

DON'T YOU HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE START TALKING TO SOMEONE ELSE IN THE BACKGROUND WHEN YOU'RE ON THE PHONE TO THEM?
NO, BUT FUNNILY ENOUGH, I DO HATE IT WHEN TOTAL FRUITCAKES WEARING TV AERIALS ON THEIR HEADS SIT NEXT TO ME ON THE BUS AND BORROW MY PHONE TO HAVE IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS WITH PEOPLE ON MARS!
OOH, HANG ON... OUR MARTIAN CHUMS HAVE OVERTAKEN THE BUS...
HEY! STAND UP AND DRAW ATTENTION TO YOURSELF! GREAT IDEA!
NEWSPAPER
Standard
PEARS
KATRIN
I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS! MARTHA...?
MARTHA! MARTHA! I THINK I'VE WORKED OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO...
THIS IS A BUS -- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIT DOWN AND DO NOTHING. THE BUS DOES THE REST!
READ A BOOK IF YOU LIKE, SEND A TEXT MESSAGE, LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, BREAK WIND SILENTLY IF YOU MUST...
...BUT DON'T TALK TO THE PERSON NEXT TO YOU, DON'T SHOUT OUT DISCONNECTED MAD STUFF TO SOMEBODY CALLED "MARTHA" AND DON'T GET UP AND RUN ABOUT THE BUS...
IN FACT, JUST SIT DOWN!!!
MARTHA! YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUICK -- ONE OF THE TIME ASSASSINS IS WAITING AT THE NEXT STOP!
"THEY SEEM TO HAVE WORKED OUT WHY THE VEHICLE THEY'RE FOLLOWING KEEPS STOPPING AND STARTING...
"...YEAH, I KNOW! IMAGINE THEIR DELIGHT WHEN THEY DISCOVERED THE ENEMY THEY'RE CHASING IS ON BOARD A VEHICLE THAT STOPS EVERY FEW HUNDRED YARDS TO LET THEM GET ON..."
VETTCH

CH-CHOOM!
WE'RE INSIDE THE LAB NOW... JUST HANG ON, DOCTOR, WE'LL GET YOU BACK!
OH, DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
FINGERS CROSSED HE HASN'T GOT THE RIGHT CHANGE FOR THE BUS...!
RIGHT, THERE'S ONLY ONE MUTANT IN HERE. SOON AS I GRAB HIM, I WANT YOU TO REVERSE THE CONTROLS ON THE TIME MACHINE. MARTHA, CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT TO DO?
I'LL MANAGE, DETECTIVE INSPECTOR.
WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT SHALL I DO?
STAY ALIVE!
HEL-LOOOOH...? MARTHA...? THERE'S A BIG FELLA WITH A CEPHALAPOD BEARD GETTING ON THE BUS... ANY CHANCE YOU COULD GET A MOVE ON?
JUST... HANG... ON... WILL YOU...!
KRACKK!
URGGH! GET OFF!
HERE Y'GO -- ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M LEAVING. THANKS FOR THE LEND.
HALLE-BLOODY-LUJAH!


WHERE TO, MATE?
EARTH.
I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR JOKERS, SUNSHINE.
YOU MISCOUNTED!
ER... YEAH, SORRY!
PUNCH IN THE DOCTOR'S USER ID AND HIT "RETURN"!
HERE GOES...
WAHEY! SEE YA!
NOT IF I SEE YOU COMING...
THANK YOU, DOCTOR... YOU HAVE DONE ME A GREAT SER—
YEAH-YEAH-YEAH. JUST FOR THE RECORD, MR LITHOPS, THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO TRAVEL IN TIME.
YOUR SCIENTISTS ARE JUST AS DANGEROUS AS THE ASSASSINS -- SCAVENGING THINGS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THE MOMENT ANYONE GOT IN THAT MACHINE, IT SCRAMBLED THEIR GENETIC CODE AND SIGNED THEIR DEATH WARRANTS!
INSTEAD OF A TIME MACHINE THEY CREATED A SUICIDE WEAPON!
SO WHAT ABOUT THE ASSASSINS STILL IN LONDON?
WHEN THE MACHINE EXPLODES, THE CONNECTION'LL BE TERMINATED AND THEY'LL GO PFFFT! AND DISAPPEAR.

EXPLODES? DID YOU SAY "WHEN THE TIME MACHINE EXPLODES"...?
YEP! I RIGGED IT TO START A TERMINAL OVERLOAD ONCE I WAS BACK -- JUST IN CASE SOME OTHER MUPPET WAS TEMPTED TO FIDDLE WITH IT.
B-BUT...
KRA-THOOOOM!
NO NEED TO THANK ME, ALL PART OF THE SERVICE!
I... I...
OH, GOD... HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE.
ONE GETS OFF AND ONE GETS ON... WHAT IS IT WITH THESE WEIRDOS? HAVE THEY GOT A TAG TEAM OR SOMETHING?
PLEASE DON'T SIT NEXT TO ME... PLEASE... PLEEEEASE...
I - DON'T - BE - LIEVE - IT!
WHY? WHY? WHY DO THEY ALWAYS SIT NEXT TO ME? HAVE I GOT "HEY WEIRDOS! COME AND SIT NEXT TO ME AND BE WEIRD!" WRITTEN ON MY FOREHEAD?
HERE WE GO AGAIN... OUT OF BREATH, RUMMAGING IN HIS PLASTIC BAG, LOOKING AROUND IN A PARANOID WAY... AAAAAND... WAIT FOR IT...
WHERE IS THE MAYOR OF EARTH?
BINGO!
PFFFT!
I THINK I'LL START RIDING ME BIKE TO WORK...
THE END

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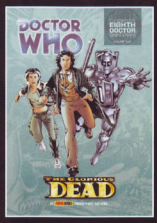

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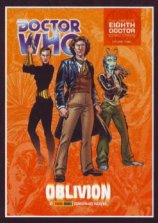

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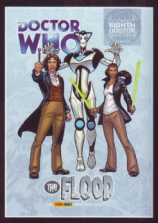

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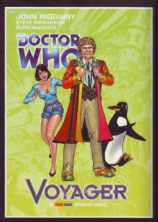

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PANINI BOOKS

The FIRST
SEPTEMBER 12th, 1915.
AS CLOSE TO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AS IT'S POSSIBLE TO GET...
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING...
Story DANIEL McDAID
Pencils MARTIN GERAGHTY
Inks DAVID A. ROACH
Colours JAMES OFFREDI
Letters ROGER LANGRIDGE
Editors HICKMAN & GRAY
...THAT'S MR WORDIE OPENING HIS MOUTH TO SING. WOULD I BE RIGHT?
HA-HA! EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, MR WILD, I'VE ALWAYS SAID SO!
WE CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO SING, JAMES. THE SKY BLACKENS, THE AIR STINKS OF BRIMSTONE, AND LITTLE CHILDREN START TO CRY.
DURING YOUR LAST RENDITION OF "THE WILD ROVER", THERE WAS A RIOT. QUESTIONS WERE ASKED IN PARLIAMENT.
OH, THAT'S UNCALLED FOR. MR WILD, SIR! HE'S PICKING ON ME!
BY THE WAY, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE NOTICED, BUT IT'S FREEZING OUT HERE.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NOT HAVING THE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME, CLARK...
THAT'S DOCTOR CLARK TO YOU, AND AS THE ONLY BIOLOGIST FOR THREE HUNDRED-ODD MILES, I CAN SAY WITH CERTAINTY THAT MY EXTREMITIES ARE FALLING OFF.
WHEN ARE WE HEADING BACK TO THE SHIP? I'VE GOT A RACY NOVEL I'D LIKE TO FINISH...
WHEN JIMMY'S READY.
ARE YOU ALRIGHT THERE, LAD? HAVE A NIP OF THIS TO WARM YOU UP.
GOOD MAN.
THANK YOU, MR WILD. NEARLY DONE, SIR. JUST, AH, WAITING FOR THE SNOW TO CLEAR A LITTLE.
OH.
OH, WOW...
WHAT IS IT, JIMMY?

I-I'M NOT SURE, SIR. I THOUGHT --
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVING...
THAT'S IT -- FLASH HARRY HAS STARTED TO CRACK UP! COME ON, FRANK, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE ALL GO BANANAS!
ALRIGHT -- WE'RE DONE. PACK YOUR LINEN, LADIES -- WE'RE HEADING BACK.
IF ONLY TO SPARE US MORE OF CLARK'S COMPLAINING...
AND IT'S NO, NAY, NEVER, NO, NAY, NEVER, NO MORE...!
KRRRAK!
UKHHH!
CLARK!!!
KKKASSSHH!
AAAAKH!
RRR... RRRBBB...
N-NO! DON'T SHOOT!
CLARK! FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT IS IT, MAN?
RROBBERT... RRROBERT...
I THINK...
I THINK IT WANTS TO TALK TO ME...!
AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHH!
GOD ABOVE...!
AL-ALRIGHT, MEN -- WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, I WANT YOU TO OPEN FIRE!

ALRIGHT, DOCTOR, THE ANTARCTIC'S BEAUTIFUL, YOU'RE RIGHT, I'M WRONG. IS THERE ANY CHANCE WE COULD, Y'KNOW...
GO?
NOT COLD ARE YOU, MARTHA? ATMOSPHERIC DENSITY JACKET SHOULD KEEP YOU NICE AND SNUG.
NO, I'M FINE. YAY. ATMOSPHERIC JACKETS...! IT'S JUST A BIT... I DUNNO--
EMPTY.
OH, WELL, THAT'S 'COS THE MAIN EVENT HASN'T STARTED YET.
EYES UP, MARTHA JONES. HERE WE GO!
OH MY GOD...!
DOCTOR, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
I'VE SEEN IT ON THE TELLY... I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD JUST BE A CURTAIN OF LIGHT OR SOMETHING... BUT IT'S SO COMPLICATED. IT'S ALMOST LIKE A LIVING THING!
WELL, STRICTLY SPEAKING, THE AURORA AUSTRALIS IS THE LIGHT EMITTED BY PARTICLES THAT HAVE BEEN EXCITED BY ENERGETIC CHARGED PARTICLES TRAVELLING ALONG MAGNETIC FIELD LINES INTO THE EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE...
BUT YEAH, I CAN SEE WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM.
IT'S AMAZING.
IT'S BROKEN.
WHAT?
THERE'S A HOLE, MARTHA, RIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF IT.
ALMOST AS IF SOMETHING'S COME THROUGH...
UH, DOCTOR, I DON'T WANT TO ALARM YOU, BUT...
"I THINK WE'RE SURROUNDED BY ARMED MEN". YEAH...

MR WILD! I'VE GOT HIM C-COVERED!
YEP! BEAUTIFULLY TOO, I MIGHT ADD, YOU'RE HARDLY EVEN SHAKING.
I'M DR JOHN SMITH FROM THE SOCIETY. DR MARTHA JONES AND MYSELF HAVE BEEN SENT ALONG TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE TAKING CARE OF YOURSELVES...

...AND I THINK WE'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.
NNNN...

"THE SOCIETY"?
THERE'S ALWAYS A SOCIETY WHEN IT COMES TO EXPLORERS, ESPECIALLY IN THE EARLY PART OF THE 20th CENTURY, WHICH IS WHERE WE ARE, BY THE WAY. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?
CUTS, LACERATIONS-- SOME OF THEM PRETTY DEEP. LIKE HE'S BEEN ATTACKED BY AN ANIMAL.
NOTHING AROUND HERE BUT PENGUINS AND WHALES. BUT LOOK AT THE HAND...

OH MY GOD.

WE WERE ATTACKED, DR SMITH. BY SOME KIND OF--
WELL, I HESITATE TO USE THE WORD MONSTER...
OH, HELLO -- YOU'VE JUST SAID THE MAGIC WORD! WHAT DID YOU SEE?
FAST AND LARGE, IT WAS -- LIKE A GIANT SNAKE! BUT MADE ENTIRELY OF - OF --

WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE SAW -- BUT CLARK HERE MADE SOME SORT OF CONTACT WITH THE CREATURE, AND IT LEFT HIM LIKE THIS. THEN IT RETREATED, BACK INTO THE SEA.
I'D... APPRECIATE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THIS MATTER, DR SMITH.
I NEED TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE PATIENT... MAYBE SOMEWHERE WARM?

RIGHT YOU ARE, WORDIE. PICK UP CLARK THERE. WE'RE MOVING ON. DR JONES, DR SMITH, WOULD YOU DO ME THE VERY GREAT HONOUR OF ACCOMPANYING US TO OUR SHIP?
IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY, THAT IS...
I THINK WE CAN FIT YOU IN...

K-KLIK!
HEY!
SORRY, MISS. FORCE OF HABIT.
IS THAT A BOX BROWNIE?! OH, I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE IN YEARS!
IT'S A KODAK BROWNIE NUMBER ZERO, SIR, ONE OF THE FIRST OF ITS TYPE. IT WAS A GIFT FROM MY FATHER.
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE...!
I'M JAMES HURLEY, BY THE WAY. VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
SO YOU JUST ARRIVED? I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT ANY OTHER SHIPS HEADING THIS WAY FROM NEW ZEALAND...
YES! WE ARRIVED...
YESTERDAY.
ON THE GOOD SHIP, UM...
HMS FANTASTIC.
AND WE'RE HERE TO...
LOOK AT...
ICE.
AND OTHER STUFF.
RIGHT...
JIMMY! STOP MAKING NICE WITH OUR GUESTS AND GIVE ME A HAND!
NICE TO MEET YOU BOTH!
"HMS FANTASTIC?"
I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN -- I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHERE WE ARE!
WELL, THAT'S LEGENDARY POLAR EXPLORER FRANK WILD, AND THAT'S WORLD-FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES FRANCIS HURLEY, WHICH PROBABLY MEANS THAT WE'RE ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM...
"THE ENDURANCE!"
ERNEST SHACKLETON'S SHIP?
IN ONE! GO ON...
UH, WELL, THAT'S ABOUT ALL I KNOW. AND THAT SHACKLETON FAILED TO GET TO THE SOUTH POLE, LIKE, FIFTEEN TIMES.
TWICE -- BUT HE'S GIVEN UP ON THAT NOW.

THIS IS THE IMPERIAL TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: HIS ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ANTARCTIC VIA THE SOUTH POLE.
DOESN'T HE, UM, FAIL AT THAT AS WELL?
I DON'T LIKE TO SAY, MARTHA -- THE WEB OF TIME AND ALL THAT. BUT, ER...
...YEAH, THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.
ANYWAY, HE WAS A BIG HERO IN HIS DAY. EASILY UP THERE WITH YOUR QUARTERMAINS AND YOUR SCOTTS -- READY TO MEET THE MAN HIMSELF?
YEEEAAH, I THINK SO...
IF THIS IS ABOUT YOUR HARE-BRAINED SCHEME, WILD, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD...
NO, MR SHACKLETON. WE'VE... FOUND SOMEONE. OUT ON THE ICE.
Proceed
DR SMITH, DR JONES -- FROM THE SOCIETY -- AND I JUST HAVE TO SAY --
WHO SENT YOU? WHOSE TEAM ARE YOU WITH? IS IT AMUNDSEN? ONE OF MAWSON'S LOT?
OUT WITH IT, MAN!
ERNEST, PLEASE! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE WITH ANOTHER TEAM --
WELL, THEY'RE NOT WITH THE SOCIETY, EITHER! THIS THING'S BLANK!
LOOK, WE'RE WANDERERS. WE'VE COME DOWN IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME, THAT'S ALL. IF WE COULD JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK THIS THROUGH...

WORDIE, CAN YOU TAKE THESE INDIVIDUALS DOWN TO THE HOLD AND LOCK THEM UP, PLEASE.
KEEP THEM UNDER GUARD AND OUT OF MY SIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
SORRY, MISS...
HEY, GET OFF ME!
WHO ARE THEY, FRANK?
WE'RE NOT SURE. I WAS... CONVINCED THEY WERE FROM THE SOCIETY.
IT WAS A TRICK, MENTALISM. ROSIE TOOK ME TO SEE A SIMILAR THING AT THE PALLADIUM. DIDN'T WORK ON ME THEN, EITHER.
NOW, WHAT ABOUT THIS PLAN OF YOURS?
THIS PLATEAU CONTINUES FOR ANOTHER FEW MILES, AT LEAST. I THINK IT'S FEASIBLE.
IT'S TREACHERY IS WHAT IT IS, MR WILD. TREACHERY AND COWARDICE.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, ERNEST...
I THINK WE'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS.
SO MUCH FOR THE BIG HERO. SEEMED A BIT UNHINGED TO ME.
OH, BUT EVERYONE LOVES HIM, MISS. BACK HOME, THEY SAY HE CAN HAVE HIS PICK OF THE GIRLS.
YEAH, WELL...
...THAT'S EXPLORERS FOR YOU.
EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT WHY ARE YOU AND DR SMITH HERE?
I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME THING, JIMMY. OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- WHAT'S THE POINT OF THAT?
JUST TO SEE IT, I SUPPOSE. JUST TO KNOW WE'VE BEEN SOMEWHERE NO ONE ELSE HAS BEEN.
WELL, THAT'S LIKE ME AND THE DOCTOR. EXCEPT WE DON'T TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS. OR PRISONERS.
I'M SORRY, MISS. MR SHACKLETON'S A BIT --
CRAZY?

DRIVEN, DETERMINED. THAT'S WHY THE PSYCHIC PAPER DIDN'T WORK.
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, DOCTOR? TO MR CLARK, I MEAN?
I DON'T KNOW, JAMES, BUT I'M WILLING TO BET...
"...THAT IT'S NOTHING GOOD."
CLARK? ARE YOU IN HERE?
OVVERR HEERRE...
I C-CAN STILL HEAR IT, FRANK, OUT THERRRE IN THE COLD, GETTING CLOSSSSER.
FUNNY, ISSSN'T IT? HOW IT KNOWS MY N-NAME.
NOW, COME ON, CLARK...
YOU'VE LED US ALL TO OUR DEATHSSS, SHACKLETON! THERE ARE THINGS OUT THERE THAT WANT TO DESTROY US! I'VE SSSEEN THEM -- SSSSEEN THEIR MINDS!
IT WANTS US, SHACKLETON! THE ICE --
DOCTOR CLARK --
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!
THWOK!
AAAAH!
GOOD GOD!
THOOOMM!

WH-WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
IT'S THAT THING, ISN'T IT?
OH GOD, IT'S COME TO FINISH US OFF!
I THINK WE CAN HELP YOU, JAMES.
BUT YOU HAVE TO LET US OUT RIGHT NOW, OKAY?
I CAN'T SEE IT, WILD.
ERNEST...
I THINK IT'S UNDERNEATH US.
MR HURLEY! WHY AREN'T THOSE TWO IN THE HOLD?
I... I THINK THEY CAN HELP US, SIR.
BLAST IT, HURLEY, WE DON'T NEED THEIR HELP! WE --
SKKRRREEEEEEE!
I'M HEERRE! C-COME AND GET ME!
CLARK! DAMN YOU, MAN -- GET DOWN HERE!
OH, BUT SHACKLETON, I LIKE IT UP HERE. IT GIVES ME SSSUCH A GOOD V-VIEW...

...OF YOUR DEATHSSSS!
JIMMY!
SKKRRREEEEEEE!

FROM THE DIARY OF JAMES FRANCIS HURLEY. SEPTEMBER 13th 1915:
Expedition still in the most terrible trouble. Also, have met a woman.
But that's not the strangest thing that happened today.
SRRRRRREEE!!!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR -- RUDDY CHRISTMAS?!
OPEN FIRE!
K-CHOW! K-CHOW!
BULLETS WON'T STOP THAT THING, SHACKLETON! ALL YOU'RE DOING IS RISKING YOUR MEN!
YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, DOCTOR!
MR WORDIE! MR WILD! MAN THE HARPOONS! I WANT THAT CREATURE'S HEAD!

IT... IT'S MADE OF ICE, ISN'T IT?
DEFINITELY SOME SORT OF CRYSTALLINE LIFEFORM, BUT SEE THE VEINS UNDER THE SURFACE?
THERE'S A LIVING, ORGANIC HEART BEATING INSIDE IT...
ON MY MARK...
ARE THEY GOING TO KILL IT?
FIRE!
FOOMPH!
FOOMPH!
FREEAAAGGHHK!!!!
YES!
BY GOD, A PALPABLE HIT!
MEN DOWN!
McELLROY, MACKLIN -- WITH ME! ARMS AT THE READY!

KRRRREEEEE!!!
MONSTER, THAT IS FAR ENOUGH!!!
YOU'RE NOT COMING ONE INCH CLOSER TO MY SHIP OR MY MEN!!!
DO WE UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER?
I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT. IT WORKED -- HE SCARED IT AWAY!
TOLD YOU HE WAS GOOD!
LATER...
DOCTOR SMITH -- WHAT IS THAT THING?
VREEEE!
SONIC SCREWDRIVER, DR MACKLIN. SUITABLE FOR MEDICAL READINGS, BLOWING UP MAD COMPUTERS AND, WELL...
PUTTING SCREWS INTO THINGS.
AND, AH... WHAT'S IT TELLING YOU?
MR CLARK IS CARRYING SOMETHING MALIGN IN HIS BLOODSTREAM, SOMETHING THAT'S REWRITING HIS DNA AT A TERRIFYING SPEED.
I'M SORRY, I THINK I UNDERSTOOD THE WORD "BLOODSTREAM"...
HE'S BEING CHANGED, DR MACKLIN. INTO SOMETHING INHUMAN.
THAT'S ENOUGH, DOCTOR.

I DON'T LIKE YOU PUTTING THAT SORT OF RUBBISH INTO MY MEN'S HEADS. THEY'RE SUPERSTITIOUS ENOUGH.
NOW TELL ME WHY, DESPITE MY BETTER INSTINCTS, I'M NOT THROWING YOU BACK INTO THE HOLD TO ROT?
WELL, YOU'RE A PRAGMATIC MAN, MR SHACKLETON -- YOU CAN PROBABLY TELL I'D BE A BIT USEFUL AROUND THE PLACE...
GOOD IN A FIGHT, MAKES A MEAN OMELETTE -- THAT SORT OF THING.
AN OMELETTE?
AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE IN FOR, IS IT?
A FIGHT.
IT DEPENDS WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING.
WHEN I'VE GOT A PLAN, I'LL LET YOU KNOW.
I'M ALLOWING YOU THE RUN OF THE SHIP, DOCTOR. BUT ANY FUNNY BUSINESS FROM YOU OR YOUR LADY FRIEND...
AND I SHAN'T HESITATE TO FEED YOU BOTH TO THE DOGS.
THERE. HOW'S THAT?
MUCH... MUCH BETTER, MISS. THANK YOU.
I HAVE TO ASK YOU, JIMMY...
...WHY DO YOU THINK MR SHACKLETON DISLIKES US SO MUCH?
I... I DON'T THINK THAT'S QUITE IT, MISS. I THINK PERHAPS HE FEELS THREATENED BY YOU.
HE'S ALWAYS WANTED TO BE THE FIRST, MISS. THE FIRST TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE. THE FIRST TO REACH THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ANTARCTIC.
I DON'T THINK HE CAN STAND THE IDEA THAT HE MIGHT BE WALKING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S FOOTPRINTS. AGAIN.
WE'RE NOT HERE TO STEAL HIS THUNDER, JIMMY...
THE RIZ
ACTUALLY, WE'RE HERE TO IMPROVE THE CUISINE. BIT OF QUALITY CARBONARA -- THAT'S WHAT THIS EXPEDITION NEEDS.
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T JOIN US A WEEK LATER...
IF THINGS DON'T IMPROVE, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT EATING THE DOGS.

IS IT ALRIGHT IF I JUST PRETEND THAT'S A JOKE?
MMF, WISH WE COULD!
HOW'S THE PATIENT, DOCTOR?
I THINK HE'S DYING, MARTHA -- OR AT LEAST, THE THING THAT MAKES HIM HUMAN IS DYING.
IT WAS THE MONSTER, WASN'T IT? IT CONTAMINATED HIM SOMEHOW.
YEAH, SEEMS A PRETTY SOLID DIAGNOSIS TO ME. BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WE'RE --
DOCTOR SMITH! DID... DID YOU SAY CLARK WAS DYING?
UM... IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING...
MR SHACKLETON!
SHACKLETON! FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, THEY SAY CLARK IS GOING TO DIE! WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING!
DON'T WORRY, MR WORDIE...
...WE ARE.
PROCEED.
K-KLIK!
morning brings no light. Dawn still months away. Am starting to forget what sunshine looked like.
Set out to pursue the beast today. Some arguing, but eventually all agreed: Doctor, Martha accompanying us.
And clark.
All watching clark v. carefully now.

IS CLARK GOING TO GO MAD AGAIN?
ALMOST DEFINITELY.
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY WORRIED...
OH, I'M TOTALLY, COMPLETELY WORRIED, MARTHA. 'COS NONE OF THIS IS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN HERE: NO ICE MONSTERS, NO DEATHS.
THAT'S THE BIG THING ABOUT THE ENDURANCE EXPEDITION: EVERYONE SURVIVED. IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT HE NEVER MADE IT TO OR ACROSS THE SOUTH POLE -- IT'S THAT ONE SIMPLE FACT THAT MAKES SHACKLETON A HERO.
EVERYBODY LIVED.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING AFTER THE MONSTER, ISN'T IT? YOU THINK WE CAN CURE CLARK. GET HISTORY BACK ON TRACK.
WELL, IF I CAN'T DO IT...
DOCTOR? YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE THIS.
HELLO! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A BITE...
THEY'RE RUNNING FROM SOMETHING...
COULD BE THE DOGS, DOCTOR.
I DOUBT IT, FRANKIE BOY...
RRROBBERRIT...
A-HA HA-HA-HA-HA-HA HA!!!
MR SHACKLETON, SIR? I -- I THINK IT'S...
BELOW US!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!
TTARASSSH!
K-CHOW! K-CHOW!
K-CHOW! K-CHOW! K-CHOW!
D-DOCTOR?
HANG ON, MARTHA...
KZZT! KRZZT!
DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, MEN! FIRE AT WILL!
AIM FOR THE HARPOONS!

...I THINK IT'S FOR ME!
KRZZZZZZZ!
HELLO!
OOH, IS IT ME OR IS IT A BIT NIPPY IN HERE?
INCONCCCEIVABLE!
HE SSSSEES US!
SUCH A FASSSCINATING SSSSPECIMEN! WE MUSSST SSSTUDY HIMMM FURTHERRR...
MINDCORE -- TERMINATE THE EXPERRRIMENT...
... BEFORE DAMAGE OCCURRRS.
SHACKLETON! TELL YOUR MEN TO FALL BACK!
THE CREATURE'S ABOUT TO --
SKRA-THOOOOOM!!!
The beast finally destroyed and samples taken. But no celebrations.
We know it's not over yet.

Storm worsening, journey back to ship a no-go. Set up camp on ice ridge, waiting for snow to clear.
Mood: grim.
ALIENS?
AS IN... "INTELLECTS VAST, COOL AND UNSYMPATHETIC"?
YEP. THAT ABOUT SUMS THEM UP.
BUT... BUT THE VERY NOTION.../ SURELY IT'S MADNESS?
I FELT THEIR MINDS, DR MACKLIN, SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IN THE ICE. THEY GAVE THE KILL ORDER TO THAT POOR CREATURE AND BOOMM! UP HE WENT.
VRRRRR!
TO BE HONEST, I THINK THEY QUITE LIKED THE LOOK OF US. DON'T WANT US TO GET TOO BADLY DAMAGED.
YEAH, I REALLY LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.
AH! THERE WE GO!
KRANKCK!
THAT'S DEFINITELY ORGANIC... ALIVE, EVEN. FEELS SORT OF... RUBBERY.
BLUBBERY. THE CREATURE THAT ATTACKED US WAS A WHALE, AT LEAST, ONCE UPON A TIME.
SO THESE ALIENS... THEY CHANGED IT? ALTERED ITS DNA, TURNED IT INTO ICE?
IN A NUTSHELL, DOCTOR JONES...
"...REMIND YOU OF ANYONE?"
WON'T... WON'T DO IT, YOU KNOW...
TH-THEY'RE MY FRIENDS!
ARE THEY, RRROBERT?
THERRRE'S ONE BEHIND YOU RRRIGHT NOW, RRROBERRT...
...DOES HE LLLLOOK LIKE YOUR FRRRIEND?
GOING SOMEWHERE, CLARK?
W-WILD.
I'M T-TELLLLING YOU F-FOR THE LLLAST TIME...
...IT'S DOCTOR CLARK!
SSSSKKKSSSSSS!
AGGHHK!!!
FRANK! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
JUST A LITTLE F-FROSTBITTEN, SIR. IT WAS CLARK. WE N-NEED TO GET AFTER HIM...
DOCTOR SMITH, FETCH THE OTHERS --

"...HE WON'T GET FAR."
CLARK...?
ROBERT, I WANT YOU TO COME BACK TO US, ROBERT. THE DOCTOR SAYS HE CAN HELP YOU...
AH... THE DOCTORRR... YOU'VE DONNE WELL, RRROBERT, A MMMOST FASSCINATING SSSPECIMEN...
DO NOT BE AFRRRAID, HUMANSSS...
KRAKKKK!
THE SKITH RECEIVE YOU ALL WITH PLEASSSURE!

THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE, 1915.
ERNEST SHACKLETON IS THE FIRST TO ENCOUNTER AN ENTIRELY NEW FORM OF ALIEN LIFE.
GENTLEMEN...
LEVELS OF AGGRESSSION ARE HIGH...
WARRRM CREATURESSS OFTEN RESSSPOND IN SSSUCH A MANNER...
INTRIGUING...
...OPEN FIRE!
BDAMM!
BKOOOMM!
SSSSUBDUE THE SPECIMENSSSS...
SSSHING!
SSSSHINGGG!
AGHKK!
AAGH!
IT'SSS IN YOUR INTERESSTS TO DO AS THE SSSKITH SAY. WE'VE NO DESIRE TO DESTROY YOU....
BUT THEY COULD DO IT, SHACKLETON. KEEP YOUR MEN ALIVE. STAND DOWN.
ALRIGHT...
WE'LL HEAR WHAT THEY'VE GOT TO SAY.
NO!

COME BELOW WITH USSS NOW...
THERE ISSS MUCH TO BE DONE...
WELCOME HUMANS, TO THE OPPRESSOR ONE...
WELCOME TO YOURRR NEW HOME.
YEAH, VERY NICE. MIGHT HAVE TO SPRUCE THE PLACE UP A BIT, THOUGH -- GET SOME NICE CURTAINS IN, AND THE CENTRAL HEATING'S DEFINITELY ON THE BLINK...
THIS IS THEIR SPACESHIP, ISN'T IT? IT ALMOST LOOKS GROWN -- LIKE CRYSTALS IN A DISH...
IS THIS WHAT DAMAGED THE AURORA?
RIFT TECHNOLOGY, MARTHA. ROUGH, DODGY OLD SCIENCE -- MADE A BIG HOLE AS THEIR SHIP CAME THROUGH.
OH, WOW... THIS IS JUST...
IT'S AMAZING...
WHAT'S THAT BIG, GLOWING THING?
WE -- THEY -- CALL IT THE MINDCORE...

"MINDCORE"?
IT'S THE S-SUM OF ALL SKITH KNOWLEDGE. BUT MORE -- IT'S THE HOME OF THEIR GREATEST M-MINDS. IT ADVISES, MONITORS, C-COLLECTS.
THROUGH IT, THEIR HOMEWORLD MAY OBSERVE THEIR PROGRESS.
OH, THAT'S CLEVER -- YEAH, WE HAD SOMETHING LIKE THIS BACK HOME.
BACK HOME, DOCTOR SSSMITH?
ER, YEAH... BACK HOME IN, UM, CHELTENHAM.
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO ENJOY EXAMINING THAT UNUSUAL MIND OF YOURS, DOCTOR. IT SEEMS MORE FLEXIBLE, MORE IMMMAGINATIVE THAN THOSE OF YOUR FELLOW APES.
WELL, THANKS. I SUPPOSE.
BRING HIM -- SKITH LEADER WILL WANT TO EXAMINE HIM IN PERSON.
TAKE THE OTHERS TO WORKSHOP FOUR FOR FURTHER STUDY.
DOCTOR!!!
IT'S ALRIGHT, MARTHA! YOU'LL BE FINE, I PROMISE YOU!!
I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU!
IF YOU HURT HER -- IF YOU HURT ANY OF THEM -- I'LL BRING THIS WHOLE SHIP CRASHING DOWN AROUND YOUR EARS. IS THAT CLEAR?
DOCTOR SSSSMITH...
...WHY DON'T YOU BE QUIET FOR A WHILE?
SSSSSPATTHHHHH

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... JUST LIKE THE DOCTOR SAID: ALIENS!
BUT WHERE ARE THEY F-FROM? WHAT DO THEY WANT? THEY... THEY SPOKE ENGLISH -- HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
WHY DON'T WE HAVE THE Q&A LATER, EH, MACKLIN?
MR SHACKLETON? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
ERNEST? DID YOU HEAR ME?
OH, GREAT. YOU'RE NOT THE SHACKLETON THE DOCTOR TOLD ME ABOUT. HE SAYS YOU'RE SOME SORT OF BIG HERO.
WELL, IF HE CAN'T FIGURE SOMETHING OUT, WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT -- RIGHT, JAMES?
I-I'M SORRY, MISS JONES... I THINK...
I THINK I'M SCARED.
PLEASSSE BE SSSTILL. HUMANSSS. WE WILL COME TO YOU IN JUST A MOMENT...
AND IF YOU CANN'T BE SSSTILL...
...WE DO NNNOT MIND IF YOU SSSCREAM.
OHH... ICE CREAM HEADACHE FROM HELL...
NO, HANG ON A MINUTE, WAIT -- I KNOW THIS ONE!
YES! THIS IS THE BIT WHERE YOU GLOAT ABOUT YOUR EVIL PLAN, ISN'T IT? GO ON, SAY "FOR YOU, TOMMY, ZE WAR IZ OVER..."!

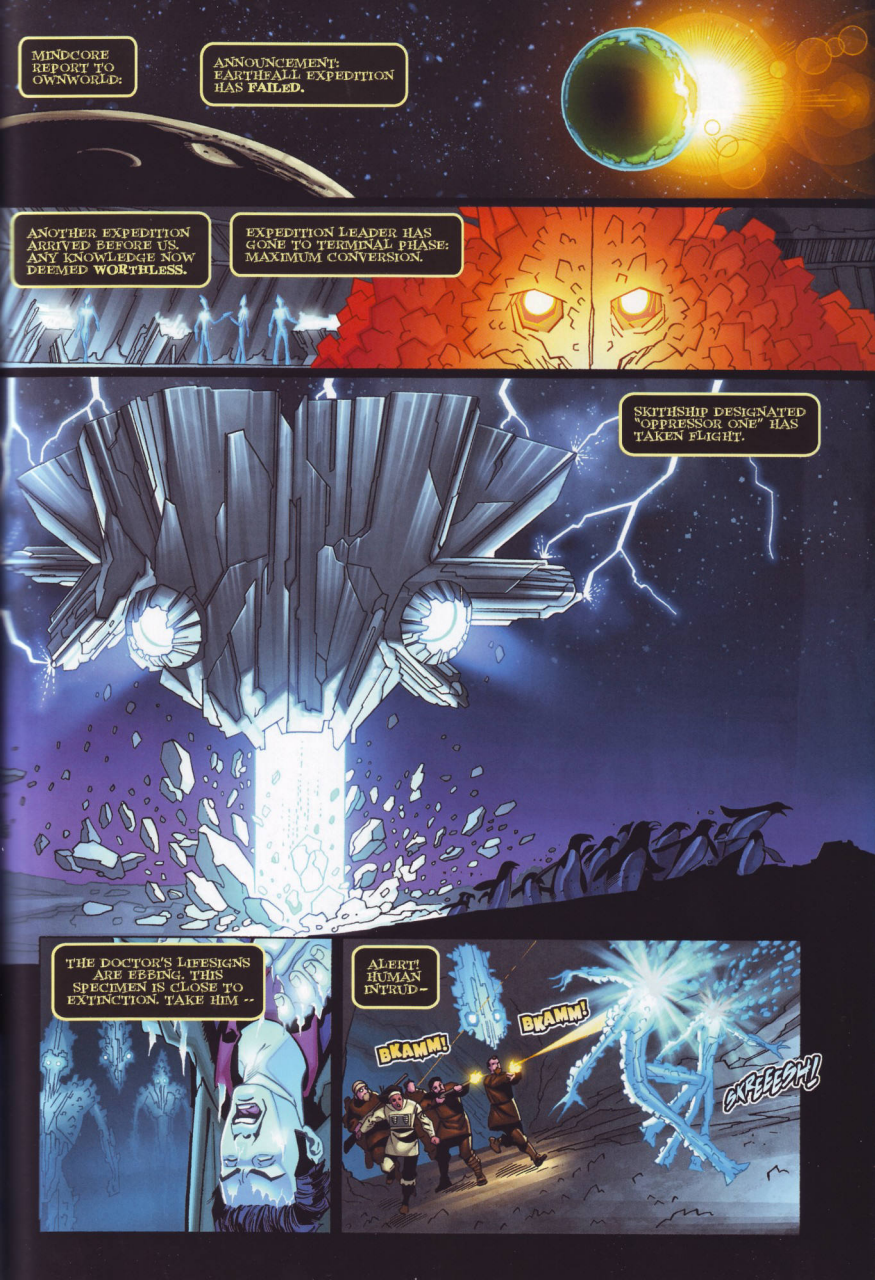
ACTUALLY, I WAS SORT OF WONDERING WHY YOU WERE HERE, ON EARTH, I MEAN.
AN INSSSIGHTFUL QUESTION. MOST OF THE RACESSS WE ENCOUNTER SIMPLY ASSSUME WE'RE INVADING.
WE'RE EXPLORERSSS. SSSCIENTISTS, PURSUERSSS OF TRUTH. THAT ISSSS ALL.
FAIR ENOUGH, I S'POSE -- BENIGN INTEREST IN THE UNIVERSE AND LIFE IN ALL ITS VARIED FORMS, VERY HEALTHY, I'D SAY.
EXCEPT I'M NOT QUITE CONVINCED. MESSING WITH THE LOCAL WILDLIFE, TAKING PRISONERS -- DOESN'T SEEM THAT BENIGN TO ME.
SSSIMPLE EXPERIMENTATION, DOCTOR. CULTIVATING SPECIMENSSS. AS A SCIENTISSST, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSSSTAND.
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOURSSSELF?
WELL, BORN IN CHELTENHAM, AS I SAY. SON OF A BAKER AND A BUTCHER. BIT TRICKY ACTUALLY, 'COS I'M GLUTEN INTOLERANT AND A VEGETARIAN. MEALTIMES WERE A NIGHTMARE...
I THINK YOU'RE LYING, DR SSSSMITH. BADLY.
BUT DON'T WORRRY...
WHUMMMMMMM
...WE'LL SSSSOON HAVE THE TRUTH.
AAAGGGH!!!
SHREEEEEEEE!!!
"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?"
IT'SSS VERY EXCITING, ACTUALLY, MISSS JONES...
WE WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH THE GENETIC MAKEUP OF AN EARTH CREATURRRRE...
A "WHALE".
THANK YOU, A WHALE... INTRODUCING SKITHSELF INTO ITS DNA... WHEN IT ESSCAPED.
BUT IT WAS SSSSTILL CHANGING, ITSSS MORPHIC FIELD SSSSTILL IN A SSSTATE OF FLUX...
IT MADE CONTACT WITH YOUR COMRADE, AND...
THE FIELD STARTED TO CHANGE HIM AS WELL. GOTCHA.
SO YOU'RE WHAT? SCIENTISTS?
OH, YOU'RE AN INQUISITIVE ONE, I RRRRATHER LIKE YOU. CLEVER. CLEVER HUMAN...
WE ARE SSSKITH, MISS JONES...

"...RENOWNED EXPLORERSSS OF THE FOUR GALAXIESSS, COLLECTORS PRIME OF THE CRYSSSTAL SEA, PURVEYORSS OF THE UNKNOWN ACROSSS ALL OF SSSPACE...
"THROUGH THE MINDCORRRE, WE HEAR THE VOICES OF OUR OWNWORLD. THE ENDLESS ACCOLADES BESTOWED UPON OUR GLORIOUS EXPEDITION, AS WE DISSSCOVER ONE NEW WORLD AFTER ANOTHER...
"THEY ARE PLEASSSED THAT WE ARE THE FIRST TO SSSEE THIS NEW AND BUSSSY PLANET..."
RRRR?
MINDCORE WARNING.
SPECIMEN DESIGNATED: BYNDALK MALE IS --
-- BREAKING LOOSE!
MRUAARGGHH!!
SPECIMEN MUST BE DESTROYED, SKITH ONE. IT COULD DESTROY EVERYTHING -- ALL OUR WORK...
OH, IF WE MUSSST...
RAARGGH! SSSKITH -- DDIEEE!!
...TERMINATE.
KZZT!
RRREEEAA –
SSKKAAASSSH!!
THE LASSST OF HIS SPECIESSS...
SSSSUCH A PITY -- AND AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE WENT TO COLLECT HIMMMM...
TK-KREEESSSH!

BUT NOW WE HAVE NEW SSSPECIMENSSS TO STUDY. BRING THE CLEVER FEMALE...
NO! PUT ME DOWN!!!
SHACKLETON -- THEY'RE GOING TO PULL US APART AND PICKLE US! WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING!
DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?!
SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG NOW, DOCTOR SSSMITH...
ODD, THOUGH -- THAT YOUR MMMIND SHOULD BE SSSSO WELL-DEFENDED...
WHAT...
WHAT IS THIS?
JUST... JUST FICTIONS. I'M A WRITER. A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER.
TOLD YOU... JUST A QUIET, STAY-AT-HOME LAD FROM CHELTENHAM...
BUT... I KNOW SSSSOME OF THESSSE CREATURESSS...
THE SKITH HAVE ENCOUNTERED THEM ON OUR MANY AND GLORIOUSSS EXPEDITIONSSSS...
HOW IS THISSSS POSSIBLE?
MINDCORE ALERT -- WE HAVE RECOVERED AN ARTEFACT ON THE ICE FIELDS. SCANS SHOW ITS COMPOSITION TO BE AT ODDS WITH LOCAL TECHNOLOGY...
THIS DOES NOT BODE WELL, SKITH LEADER...
BRRRRING IT TO MEEEEE!

CLARK!
ROBERT! CAN YOU HEAR ME?!
I'M S-SORRY, MR SHACKLETON, SIR... I DON'T THINK THERE'SSSS AN AWFUL LOT LEFT OF ROBERT CLARK IN HERRRRE...
RUBBISH -- I'D KNOW THAT SNIVELLING TONE ANYWHERE!
REMEMBER THAT DAY I GAVE YOU HELL IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE CREW? EH? 'COS YOU'D MISPLACED THOSE SAMPLES?
RED AS A SMACKED BACKSIDE YOUR FACE WAS -- EVERYONE SAID SO!
SO HOW ABOUT IT, SON? WANT TO TAKE ONE LAST SWING AT THE BIG FELLA?
BLAST YOU, SHACKLETON...
...LEAVE ME ALONE!
KIWAKK!
GOOD MAN, CLARK! NOW GET TO THAT CONSOLE BEFORE THEY CAN REGROUP -- GIVE THE ORDER!
I-I CAN'T... THE MINDCORE IS SSSCREAMING AT ME! WILLING ME TO CH-CHANGE...!
DO IT, CLARK!
T-TERMINATE...
KZZT
SSSKASSSSH!
WELL, THAT'S JUSSSST --
SSSKRSSSHH!
SSKKAASSHH!!

GOOD MAN, CLARK. VERY GOOD MAN.
I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T STOP THEM FOR LONG, SIR. OR M-ME FOR THAT M-MATTER...
YOU'RE STILL CHANGING, AREN'T YOU?
YESSS.
ALRIGHT, I THINK WE CAN FIX THIS, DR CLARK, BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO TELL ME...
"...WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?"
IT IS ALIEN, THEN? HE ISSS ALIEN?
IT SSSEEMS LIKELY.
POLI
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HOLD THAT AGAINST ME, ARE YOU? I'M ONLY A BIT ALIEN. ASK ANYONE, I'M PRACTICALLY LOCAL!
WE PRIZE KNOWLEDGE ABOVE ALL THINGS, DOCTOR. IN AN UNCERTAIN UNIVERSE, IT IS THE ONLY THING THAT ALWAYS RETAINS ITS VALUE...
AND OUR RACE HASSS A SIMPLE CREDO: IF YOU ARE NOT THE FIRSST, YOU ARE NOTHING.
OUR OWNWORLD CAN SSSEE THE OPPRESSOR ONE, DOCTOR. THEY SEE THAT YOU HAVE BEATEN US TO THE PRIZE -- THAT WE HAVE FAILED...
...AND THE SKITH DO NOT LIKE TO FAIL!!!
ZZZAAAASSSH!
AAAARRGGH!


MINDCORE REPORT TO OWNWORLD:
ANNOUNCEMENT: EARTHFALL EXPEDITION HAS FAILED.
ANOTHER EXPEDITION ARRIVED BEFORE US. ANY KNOWLEDGE NOW DEEMED WORTHLESS.
EXPEDITION LEADER HAS GONE TO TERMINAL PHASE: MAXIMUM CONVERSION.
SKITHSHIP DESIGNATED "OPPRESSOR ONE" HAS TAKEN FLIGHT.
THE DOCTOR'S LIFESIGNS ARE EBBING. THIS SPECIMEN IS CLOSE TO EXTINCTION. TAKE HIM --
ALERT! HUMAN INTRUD--
BKAMM!
BKAMM!
SKREEEEM!

OH, DOCTOR, NO...
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS DOING THIS TO ME?
G-GOT ON THE S-SKITH LEADER'S NERVES, I THINK. N-NEVER DID KNOW WH-WHEN TO KEEP MY M-MOUTH SHUT...
WH-WHAT HAVE I M-MISSED?
WELL, FOR A WHILE, IT LOOKED LIKE WE WERE GOING TO GET EXPERIMENTED ON, OR FROZEN -- OR BOTH.
THERE WAS A GIANT CALLED THE BYNDALK...
GREAT BIG HAIRY THING, BUT THEY'D FROZEN IT, MADE IT A SORT OF SKITH HYBRID, LIKE CLARK.
BUT... THE BYNDALK ARE EXTINCT. THEIR HOMEWORLD WAS F-FROZEN TO A...
HUSK.
OH NO.
THE EXPEDITIONNN LEADER IS IN THE CONTROL ANNEX. HE HASSS BEGUN MAXIMUM CONVERSSSSION -- THE FINAL PHASE.
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT...
TH-THAT'S IT. THAT'S WHAT THE SKITH DO, WHEN THEY'RE F-FINISHED WITH THE WORLDS THEY FIND...
KNOW THIS, DOCTOR: KNOWLEDGE IS ALL TO THE SKITH. OUR RECORDS OF THE WORLDS WE DISCOVER ARE INVALUABLE IN THEIR ACCURACY.
BUT WE CANNOT ALLOW OTHER RACES TO ACQUIRE THE SAME KNOWLEDGE. SO WE TAKE OUR SSSSAMPLES, COMPLETE OUR FINDINGS -- THEN WE INSSSSTIGATE MAXIMUM CONVERSION.
"COUNTLESS RACESSS HAVE WITHERED AT OUR TOUCH -- THE VISKILI, THE BYNDALK, THE MAMMOX... ALL GONE.
"THE PROCESSSSS DOES NOT TAKE LONG... THE SHIP FREEZES EVERYTHING BELOW IT. ANY REMAINING SENTIENTS ARE TURNED INTO SKITHSELF, THEN EITHER RECOVERED OR COMMANDED TO DESTROY EACH OTHER.
"IN THE END, THERE IS NNNNOTHING LEFT BUT RUINS, BEAUTIFUL RUINS, AND SNOW."

THEY HATE YOU NNNNOW, DOCTOR. YOU HAVE ENDED THEIR GLORIOUSSS EXPEDITION IN IGNOMINY AND DEFEAT, SO THIS WORLD MUST PAY THE PRICE.
THE ENDURANCE WILL BE FIRSSST...
NO!
I'LL SEE THESE SWINE BLASTED OUT OF THE SKY FIRST!
SMITH? DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?
HALF A PLAN SO FAR, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING.
I HAVE TO FIND THE CONTROL ANNEX -- AND ALL OF YOU HAVE TO GET INTO THE TARDIS AND GET OUT OF HERE.
WE WHAT?
I'VE PROGRAMMED THE COORDINATES INTO THE SCREWDRIVER, SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS POINT IT AT THE CONSOLE AND CLICK. IT'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT BACK TO THE ENDURANCE.
AND KEEP CLARK IN THE TARDIS FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN. THE INTERIOR EXISTS OUTSIDE TIME, SO HE SHOULDN'T CHANGE.
AT LEAST, I DON'T THINK SO.
NO, NO, HANG ON. WE HAVE TO LEAVE?
I HAVE TO STAY, AND YOU HAVE TO GO. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE THOSE MEN, AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE THEIR SHIP.
THIS IS OUR LIFE, MARTHA JONES. THIS IS WHAT WE DO.
WILL YOU COME BACK?
OH, YOU KNOW ME, THE BAD PENNY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING, SMITH-- BUT I DO KNOW COURAGE WHEN I SEE IT.
GODSPEED, DOCTOR.
OI, OI, MR MINDCORE, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, THEN?
KEEPING SCHTUM, EH? CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU -- IT'S ALL GONE A BIT PEAR-SHAPED, HASN'T IT?

ANYWAY, THIS IS YOUR BIG MOMENT -- TELL US WHERE THE CONTROL ANNEX IS, AND I'LL LET YOU OFF THE HOOK. SEND YOU PACKING SOMEWHERE NICE, NO HARM DONE.
LAST CHANCE.
SWZZINGG.
SWZZINGG.
WELL, I GAVE IT A GO, DIDN'T I?
JUST HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY!
SWZZINGL
SWZZINGLL
DOCTOR!!!
ALRIGHT, MR MINDCORE...
I THINK I'M READY.
AAAGGGH!
YZZAAS
CLARK WAS RIGHT -- THE SHIP'S IN FLIGHT. GOOD GOD, WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT?
WE'LL SURVIVE THIS, WON'T WE, MISS JONES? THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING, DON'T THEY?
I HOPE SO, JAMES...
I HOPE SO...
SSSSSSSSSS

WELCOME TO THE HEART OF THE OPPRESSOR ONE, DOCTOR...
HAVE YOU COME TO DIE?
THE DOCTOR ISN'T HERE.
FASSSCINATING -- YOU'VE BROUGHT THE SKITHSELF INTO YOURSSSELF. WHAT AN INTRIGUING SPECIMEN YOU ARE -- I DOUBT I'VE ENCOUNTERED SUCH A CREATURE IN ALL MY TRAVELS.
WHAT ARE YOU? DAVAMITE? DOMINATOR?
TIME LORD.
I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THEM.
YOU DON'T SURPRISE ME. "ALL YOUR TRAVELS" -- YOU'RE SCARCELY OUT OF THE NURSERY, AND ALREADY SO ARROGANT.
INDEED?
HKKKK!
C-CAN'T...
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, "TIME LORD".
YOU'RE VERY STRONG, DOCTOR-- BUT THE SKITHSELF IS SO MUCH STRONGERRRR.
ALREADY IT INVADESSSS YOU -- OVERCOMING YOUR MENTAL DEFENCES, PERVADING AND PERVERTING YOUR GENES.
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.
KRAKKT!
UUNNGH!

CLARK...?
MARTHA JONESSSS...
YOU SSSSAIDD YOU COULD HELP MMMMMEEE...
CLARK, WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN -- BUT YOU NEED TO GET BACK INSIDE THE TARDIS BEFORE --
NO MORE LIESSS!
I'M TRAPPPED LIKE THISSS -- I'M ONE OF THEMMM NOW!
AND YOU KNOW WHAT'SSSS SSSSTRANGE, MARTHA JONESSS...?
I'M SSSSSTARTING NOT TO MMMIND!!
GGGHK!
MARTHA!!!
SOON YOU WILL BE LOST INSSSIDE THAT CRYSSTAL SHELL -- NOTHING LEFT OF YOUR OLD SSSELF BUT MEMORIESSS ETCHED INTO THE ICE.
BUT DO NOT WORRY, DOCTOR...
THWOKK!
YOU WILL NOT LIVE THAT LONG!
VSSSSSSSH!

NO!!!
AKK--!
SHACKLETON, YOU NEAR-SSSSIGHTED MAMMAL -- YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOINGGGG! OUR GLORIOUSSSS EXPEDITION --
IT'S OVER, MONSTER! OVER!
SHACKLETON!
I'M SORRY.
ERNESSST... THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO LLLEAVE...?
YOU'RE AS MUCH MY RESPONSIBILITY AS THE MEN ON MY SHIP. SMITH... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?
ONLY WAY TO... TO FFFFIND THE CONTROL ANNEX...
CAN THIS BE UNDONE?
NO.
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO BE RID OF THE SKITHSELF NOW -- AND THE DOCTOR LACKS THE WILL TO DO IT. DON'T YOU, DOCTOR?
OTHER SKITH WILL BE HERE SHORTLY TO RETRIEVE YOUR CARCASSES. YOU WRETCHED, HOPELESS CREATURES.
"WRETCHED"?
AYE, MAYBE WE ARE THAT, GOOD GOD, SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE SEEN AND DONE...
BUT HOPELESS?
NEVER!
ZZZATT!
SHACKLETON!

SHACKLETON! TIME LORD! UNDO THIS AT ONCE!
I WANTED EVERYONE TO LIVE! YOU, THE SKITH, SHACKLETON AND HIS MEN, BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE IT, WOULD YOU?
IT HAD TO BE DEATH!
AAAAGGHK!
SSSHHKKKSSH!
SSHKKRRRSH!
EEEAGGGHH!!!
SSHHKSSSH!!
IS THAT...?
IT'S SUNLIGHT! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?!
THEY'VE OPENED A RIFT IN SSSPACE. THE OPPRESSOR ONE HASSS DEPARTED...
"...THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE SUN!"
WE SEE YOU, TIME LORD. OUR OWNWORLD SEES YOU BOTH! AND BE ASSURED WE DO NOT FORGET!
WE WILL RETURN FOR THIS WORLD, AND WHEN WE DO THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT BUT RUINS! RUINS AND --
SNOWWWWWWWWWW--.
ARE YOU...?
BACK? YES...
THEY'RE... THEY'RE GONE, SHACKLETON. THE SKITH MINDCORE'S RETREATED TO ITS OWNWORLD...

"...I THINK IT'S OVER."
I... WHAT H-HAPPENED? WH-HY AM I S-SOAKED IN WATER?
NOTHING TO DO WITH ME THIS TIME, CLARK. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON, YOU'D BE BETTER OFF ASKING...
...MARTHA?
K-THROOOM!
GOOD RIDDANCE THEN, EH?
YEAH, BUT ON THE DOWNSIDE, WE'RE FLYING THROUGH SPACE ON A MELTING ICEBERG AND WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE SUN IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.
AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO?
NOPE, THE SHIP'S COMPLETELY DEAD. BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, ERNEST...
YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN TO VISIT THE SUN!
HA-HA-HA! YES, I RATHER LIKE THAT, DOCTOR!
WHOPP WHOPP
OH NO, SHE DIDN'T...!
WHOPP!
SO, ARE YOU LOT COMING, THEN?
MARTHA?! WHAT DID YOU DO?!
JUST REVERSED THE SETTINGS ON THE SCREWDRIVER -- SEEN YOU DO IT OFTEN ENOUGH!
DOESN'T ANYONE LISTEN TO A WORD I SAY?
YEAH, YOU CAN GIVE ME AN EARFUL LATER --
LET'S GO!

FROM THE DIARY OF JAMES FRANCIS HURLEY:
And that, reader, was the end of it.
WORP WORP WOOORP!
Dr Smith and Dr Macklin spent an afternoon examining Dr Clark, and eventually gave him the all-clear. Almost back to his old self, and not a trace of contamination.
Mr Wordie, of course, joked that he preferred him the other way.
Then we said our goodbyes. Miss Jones gave me a hug and she smelled strange and good, like distant, unimaginable places.
She asked us if we wanted a lift in their strange craft and God help me... I wanted to say yes. But Mr Shackleton...
He just smiled.
They're loading the lifeboats as I write. We're following Mr Wild and Mr Shackleton's plan at last -- quitting the Endurance and making for Paulet Island -- 250 miles west.
Surely an impossible task -- but Mr Shackleton has faith.
The Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition is at an end. Now our sole aim is to survive.
No room to take all my photographs, but I've told Mr Shackleton there's money to be made from our records, so he's allowed me a few on the sled.
The world needs to know what we've seen. But I think I'll leave the Skith and all their evil to be forgotten, here in the ice.
And the good things I've found out here...
Well, I'll keep those with me for the rest of my life.
THE END.

» Shops sold out?

Don't get PRICKLY! Help is at hand...

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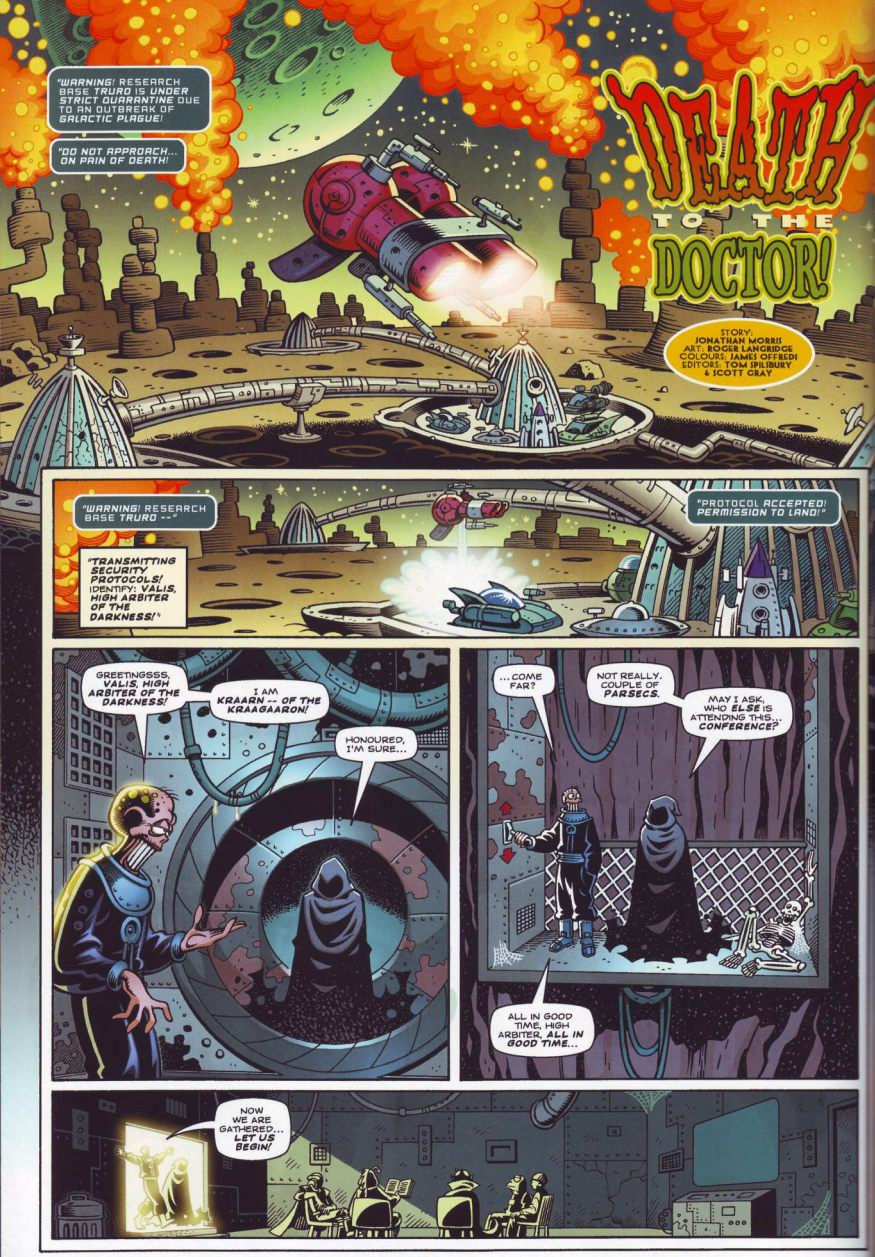
"WARNING! RESEARCH BASE TRURO IS UNDER STRICT QUARANTINE DUE TO AN OUTBREAK OF GALACTIC PLAGUE!
"DO NOT APPROACH... ON PAIN OF DEATH!"
DEATH TO THE DOCTOR!
STORY: JONATHAN MORRIS
ART: ROGER LANGRIDGE
COLOURS: JAMES OFFREDI
EDITORS: TOM SPILSBURY & SCOTT GRAY
"WARNING! RESEARCH BASE TRURO --"
"TRANSMITTING SECURITY PROTOCOLS! IDENTIFY: VALIS, HIGH ARBITER OF THE DARKNESS!"
"PROTOCOL ACCEPTED: PERMISSION TO LAND!"
GREETINGSSS, VALIS, HIGH ARBITER OF THE DARKNESS!
I AM KRAAGN -- OF THE KRAAGAARON!
HONOURED, I'M SURE...
...COME FAR?
NOT REALLY. COUPLE OF PARSECS.
MAY I ASK, WHO ELSE IS ATTENDING THIS... CONFERENCE?
ALL IN GOOD TIME, HIGH ARBITER. ALL IN GOOD TIME...
NOW WE ARE GATHERED... LET US BEGIN!

MY NAME ISSS KRAARN AND I WASSS DEFEATED BY THE DOCTOR!
MY NAME IS BOLOG AND I WAS DEFEATED BY THE DOCTOR!
MY NAME IS ZARGATH AND I WAS DEFEATED BY THE DOCTOR!
PERHAPSSS OUR NEW MEMBER WOULD LIKE TO SSSPEAK?
VALISSS -- HOW DID THE DOCTOR DEFEAT YOU?
"ABOUT A FORTNIGHT AGO... I HAD APPROPRIATED THE CRYSTAL OF CONSCIOUSNESS...
"IT WAS ALL GOING SO WELL -- I HAD THE DOCTOR AT MY MERCY, AND WAS PLACING THE CRYSTAL WITHIN MY PSYCHIC WEB...
DON'T DO IT, VALIS -- I'M WARNING YOU!
NO, DOCTOR -- I MUST HAVE DOMINION OVER ALL THINGS!
"...WHEN SUDDENLY..."
OH, FORGOT TO TELL YOU -- FUNNIEST THING, I SUBSTITUTED THE CRYSTAL WITH AN IDENTICAL PIECE OF PERSPEX!
BLIMEY, TALK ABOUT OBVIOUS!
SKHRAAAZZZ!
WAAAAAARGH!
"THAT'S NOTHING! I HAD THE WHOLE REPTILIOS INVASION FLEET CONCEALED ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON...
"...UNTIL THE DOCTOR SENT THEM INTO ORBIT AROUND THE SUN... USING A BANANA!
BANANAS ARE GOOD!
AFFIRMATIVE! POTASSIUM CONTENT HIGHLY CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH!
"CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW EMBARRASSING THAT FELT?"

"YOU THINK THAT'S BAD? MY IMPERIAL MILITIA HAD ONLY BEEN IN THE POWELL ESTATE FOR FIVE MINUTES...
HUP-HUP-HUP-HUP-HUP-HUP-HUP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HER
"...WHEN THE DOCTOR MADE IT RAIN USING HIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER!"
ATMOSPHERIC EXCITATION!
I GET IT! AND THEY'RE ALLERGIC TO WATER! BRILLIANT!
VREEEEEEE!
NO, NOT BRILLIANT, ROSE -- FANTASTIC!
CHANGING THE WEATHER?! IS THERE ANYTHING HE CAN'T DO?
I KNOW, I KNOW -- IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S, LOIKE, TOTALLY UNFAIR!
"NOT ONLY THAT, BUT HE'S A MASTER OF DISGUISE! EACH TIME I'VE BATTLED HIM HE'S HAD A DIFFERENT FACE AND EVEN MORE STUPID CLOTHES!"
SO, THE PERNICIOUS PROFLIGATE PLINK -- IT SEEMS OUR PERIPATETIC PEREGRINATIONS COINCIDE ONCE MORE!
SOMEBODY GET ME A DICTIONARY...
THE DOCTOR MAY HAVE BEATEN USSS INDIVIDUALLY... BUT UNITED WE CANNOT FAIL!
WE MUSSST COMBINE OUR FORCES AGAINSSST THE COMMON ENEMY...
DEATH TO THE DOCTOR! DEATH TO THE DOCTOR! DEATH TO THE DOCTOR!

BUT HOW CAN WE DEFEAT HIM? HE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE!
I HAVE FORMULATED A... SSSTRATEGY THAT WILL GUARANTEE HIS ELIMINATION!
IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME, I HAVE PREPARED A SSSHORT POWER-POINT PRESSSENTATION...
FIRSSST, WE INVADE MERCURY...
KLIK
M!!!EEEEEEE!!!
ZZZRRRAKKK!
SWEET BEJAYUS, HE'S ONLY GAWN AND DOIED!
LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT... A FREAK ELECTRICAL SURGE...
OR MAYBE THAT IS WHAT WE ARE SUPPOSED TO THINK?
MAYBE SOMEBODY WANTED HIM DEAD?
BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL KRAARN OF THE KRAAGAARON?
WELL, HE IS ONE OF THE MOST EVIL BEINGS IN THE GALAXY...
APART FROM THAT.
AND HE'S LAID WASTE TO WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEMS...
APART FROM THAT.
AND ENSLAVED ENTIRE SPECIES...
APART FROM THAT.
LET ME PUT IT ANOTHER WAY...WHY WOULD ANY OF US WANT TO MURDER KRAARN?
YOU CAN'T MEAN --
THERE IS NO OTHER POSSIBLE EXPLANATION!
THE DOCTOR IS HERE!

SOON...
YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS THE WORK OF THE D-D-DOCTOR?
IT'S JUST THE SORT OF THING HE WOULD DO! SNEAK IN WHEN OUR BACKS ARE TURNED, LURK IN THE SHADOWS, THEN PICK US OFF, ONE-BY-ONE!
DIDN'T CATCH THE NAME, BY THE WAY...
I AM USUALLY REFERRED TO AS THE MENTOR!
OH, RIGHT! LIKE THE --
YES... BUT NOT COPYING, IT'S PURELY COINCIDENTAL!
"OF COURSE, THE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY DOCTOR DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT..."
HANDS IN THE AIR!
DON'T WORRY, BRIGADIER, THIS FELLA'S NOTHING MORE THAN A SECOND-RATE IMPOSTOR!
IF YOU D-D-DON'T MIND ME ASKING, VALIS -- WHAT'S WITH THE CAPE?
IT IS A NECESSARY ACCOUTREMENT -- MY BEING CONSISTS OF GAS-SUSPENDED CARBON PARTICLES!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUST... SMOKE IN A CLOAK?
SO WHEN DID YOU MEET THE DOCTOR, QUESTOR?
OH, WE GO WAY BACK -- I WAS ONE OF THE EARLY ONES!
AH! THAT EXPLAINS IT! I THOUGHT YOU LOOKED A BIT LO-FI!
"OI BUMPED INTO HIM IN THE LIVING JUNGLE OF TROPICALUS..."
SO ENDS OUR BATTLE OF WITS, QUESTOR! OR SHOULD THAT BE HALF-WITS IN YOUR CASE, HMMM?
WUURRGHH?!

WAIT HERE WHILE OI JUST CHECK THE OLD AIRLOCK...
W-WE SHOULD BOTH CHECK IT!
NO NEED, OI'LL BE BACK IN A SEC --
QUESTOR! D-DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!
HMMM... ACCORDING TO THE METABOLIC INTERFEROMETER, THERE ARE ONLY SIX LIFE-TRACES IN THIS BASE...
WHAT? BUT THERE ARE ONLY SIX OF US!
EXACTLY, PLINK! WHICH MEANS THAT IF THE DOCTOR IS HERE...
...HE'S ONE OF US?
THAT WOULD SEEM A DANGEROUS POSSIBILITY!
WELL, D-D-DON'T LOOK AT ME! I'M NOT HIM!
AH! JUST THE SORT OF THING HE WOULD SAY!
THWUP! THWUP!
AAAIIEEEE!!!
WHAT WAS THAT?
THE D-D-DOCTOR...?
BOLOG! YOU'VE KILLED QUESTOR!
IT - IT WAS AN ACCIDENT... IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
I THOUGHT HE WAS THE DOCTOR!

HEY! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
"SENT THEM INTO THE SUN USING A BANANA" -- AS IF!
WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?
WHERE'S WHAT?!
THE ZIP! YOU MUST HAVE ONE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE!
YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, WEARING A RATHER UNCONVINCING RUBBER MONSTER SUIT!
RELEASE HIM, MENTOR... I'M AFRAID THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THAT WHERE HE COMES FROM!
NO, IF THE DOCTOR WAS IN DISGUISE, IT WOULD BE SOMEONE A LITTLE LESS OBVIOUS...
...LIKE VALIS! OUR SO-CALLED NEW MEMBER!
HE TURNS UP, PEOPLE START DYING -- COINCIDENCE? OR SOMETHING MORE SINISTER?
I'M WARNING YOU, ZARGATH -- IF YOU SHOOT ME, I AM EXTREMELY FLAMMABLE AND LIKELY TO EXPLODE!
"EXTREMELY FLAMMABLE"?
YEAH, PULL THE OTHER ONE -- DOCTOR!
FWAM! FWAM! FWAM!
KABOOOM!

UM... ZARGATH IS DEAD... VALIS IS DEAD...
AND EVEN WORSE, NEITHER OF THEM WAS THE DOCTOR!
THE MENTOR! YOU WERE VERY EAGER TO DEFLECT SUSPICION...!
BUT I DON'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THE D-D-DOCTOR!
EXACTLY!
YES! A MASTER OF DISGUISE CAN LOOK LIKE ANYONE...
BOLOG! I KNEW IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG!
LOOK INTO MY EYES... I AM THE MENTOR AND YOU WILL OBEY M –
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
VWORP VWORP
WH-WHAT THE --
NNEEARGH!!!
GAAAAAHHH!
AAARRGH!!!
WHUB!
PUMPA-POW! PUMPA-POW!
FIZZSSSHH!

WHOOP WHOOP
POLICE BOX
HELLO? ANYONE HOME...?
KREEEEAK
OH MY GOD!
DEAD ALIENS!
WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED, DOCTOR?
NOT SURE... SOME SORT OF ELECTRICAL ACCIDENT BY THE LOOKS OF IT...
THIS WIRING'S CENTURIES OLD... DANGEROUS STUFF. IT CAN CAUSE FREAK POWER SURGES IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!
ZZZZZZZZZZZ
METABOLIC INTERFEROMETER READING SAYS WE'RE THE ONLY ONES ALIVE HERE...
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE, MARTHA... I CAN FEEL IT.
I'M SO SORRY...
IF ONLY WE HAD GOTTEN HERE SOONER, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE THEM...
The End

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